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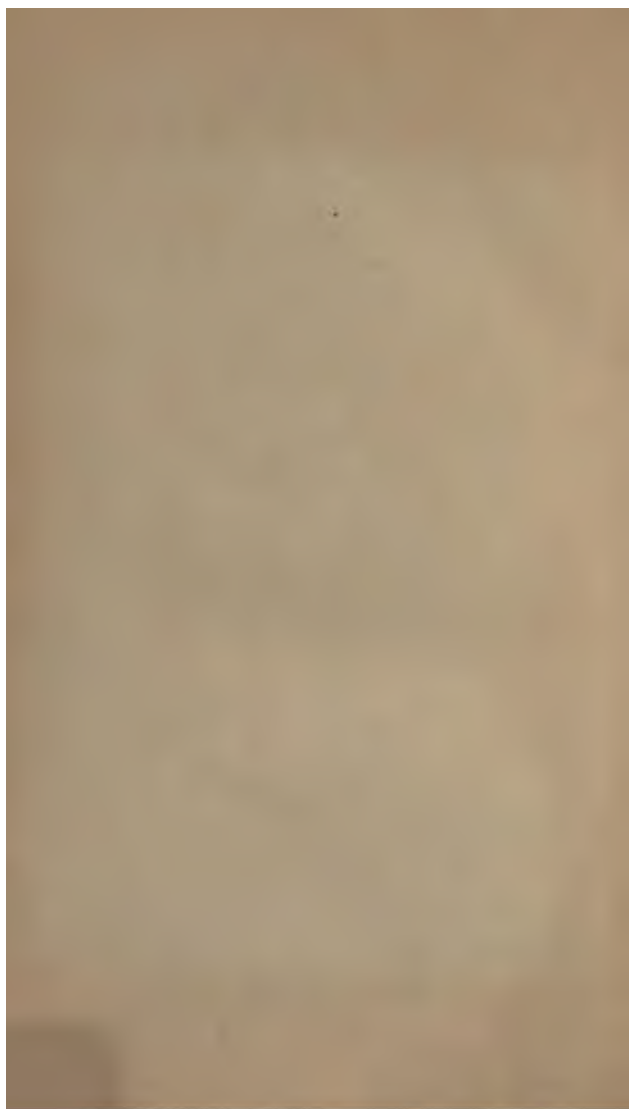
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**The Last Fight of
the Revenge.**

AND

**The Death of
Sir Richard Grenville.**

(A.D. 1591.)

RELATED BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH, SIR
RICHARD HAWKINS, JAN HUYGEN VAN
LINSCHOTEN, LORD BACON, AND
SIR W. MONSON.

TOGETHER WITH

**THE MOST HONORABLE TRAGEDIE
OF SIR RICHARD GRINUILE,
KNIGHT.**

BY

GERVASE MARKHAM.

(1595.)

TO WHICH IS ADDED

SIR R. GRENVILLE'S FAREWELL.

(Circa 1543.)

Edited by EDMUND GOLDSMID, F.R.H.S.,
F.S.A. (Scot.)

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.  
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**The Last Fight of the
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INTRODUCTION.



IN THE 31st of August, 1591, Old Style, an English Fleet, under Lord Thomas Howard consisting of the *Defiance* (Admiral), *Revenge* (Vice-Admiral), *Bonaventure*, *Lion*, *Fore-sight*, and *Crane*, six "victuallers of London," the barque *Raleigh*, and two or three pinnaces, was riding at anchor off Flores, one of the Azores. It had been sent by Queen Elizabeth to intercept, if possible, some of the galleons which had wintered the previous year at Havana. About 1 P.M. Howard received intelligence of the approach of the whole Spanish

Armada, fifty-five sail in all. He at once gave the signal to weigh anchor, but some delay occurred, owing to many men being on shore getting in water, etc. The last to leave the Island was the *Revenge*, with a nominal crew of about 260, but with at least one hundred sick and *hors de combat*. Accounts differ, as may be seen by the extracts given from Linschoten, Sir W. Monson, Sir Richard Hawkins, and Sir Walter Raleigh, as to whether Sir Richard Grenville purposely entered into combat with the whole Spanish Fleet, contrary to the Admiral's orders, but certain it is that for sixteen hours he maintained the unequal struggle, and only yielded when compelled to do so by his own crew. Sir Richard died of his wounds on board the *St. Paul*, of which *Don Alonso de Barsan* was Commander.

With respect to Sir Richard and his

family, Mr. Arber, who has reprinted the account here given, has compiled from the *Col. of State Papers, Elizabeth (Domestic) and Colonial*, from Lysons's *Magna Britannia* Hakluyt's *Collections*, and other authorities, the following succinct account. Where the authority is not given, the statement appears in the *Col. of State Papers*.

“The manor of Kilkhampton [in the extreme north of Cornwall] is supposed to have belonged to the Grenville family, from nearly the time of the Conquest; Dugdale says, that they were seated here in the reign of William Rufus. Richard de Grenville, who came over with William the Conqueror, is said, in the pedigrees of the family, to have been a younger brother of Robert Fitzhaman, Earl of Carbill, Lord of Thurigny and Granville, in France and Normandy; and to have been lineally descended from Rollo, Duke of Normandy. It is on record, that Richard de Grenville held certain knight's fees at Bideford in Devonshire, in the reign of Henry II. We have not found any record of the Grenvilles' possessions at Kilkhampton, of an earlier date than the *quo warranto* roll [1301 A.D.], but

it appears that it had at that time been long in the family: they continued to reside at Stowe, in this parish, for many generations, and frequently served the office of sheriff for the county. William Grenville or Grenfield, (as the name was at that early period generally written), son of Sir Theobald, became Archbishop of York, and distinguished himself as an able statesman; he died in 1315. Sir Richard Grenville, son of Roger (who was himself a captain in the navy, and lost his life, as Carew tells us, in the unfortunate *Mary Rose*,) was a celebrated military and naval commander in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He first distinguished himself [æt. 16] in the wars [in Hungary] under the Emperor Maximilian against the Turks, for which his name is recorded by several foreign writers." *Magna Britannia*. iii. *Cornwall*, p. 163, *Ed.* 1814.

Richard Carew of Anthony, notices Stow, at f. 118, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, finished on 23 April 1602.

1571.

R. Grenville of Stow represents Cornwall in Parliament.

1577 or 1578. Having been High Sheriff for Cornwall he is knighted. See also S. Morgan's *Sphere of Gentry* iii. 90, *Ed.* 1661, under Richard Gri(n)field.

1581. OCT. 25. Is, with other Commissioners, at Radstow, examining John Piers, the pirate.

1582. MAY 5. Is, with other commissioners, at Penryn, enquiring as touching the taking away of the Spanish ship out of Falmouth, by Sir J. Killigrew's servants.

1583. DEC. 27. Writes from Redford as to the custody of the Castle and Island of Tintagel.

1584. MAY. One of the commissioners for Dover Haven. He proposes the erection of a mole at Folkestone.

JULY 13. Captains Amadas and Barlowe, sent out with two ships by Sir W. Raleigh, take possession of Virginia.

AUG. 6. Sir R. Grenville writes from Penheale that he has been so busily engaged with the musters that he could not make collections for the relief of Namptwich [destroyed by fire].

OCT. 17. Sends from "my poor house of Stow" a further sum of £20 for the relief of Namptwich.

- OCT. Signs the National Association for the Defence of the Queen.
1585. MAY 19. Sir W. Raleigh's first colony, headed by Ralph Lane, for Virginia, sets out from Plymouth in 7 ships, under Sir R. Grenville. *Hakluyt Eng. Voyages, &c.* p. 733, *Ed.* 1589.
- AUG. 12. *Ralph Lane to Sec. Walsingham* [from Port Ferdinando, Virginia]. The General [Sir Ric. Grenville's] return to England cuts him off from reporting upon the peculiarities of the country. Although they arrived there late in the year, wholly through the fault of him who intends to accuse others. . . .
- SEPT. 8. *Lane to Secretary Walsingham* [from the New Fort in Virginia]. Has thought good to advertise him concerning Sir R. Greenefeelde's [Grenville] complaints against sundry gentlemen of this service, and particularly against Mr. Candyshe [Thos. Cavendish afterwards the circumnavigator] their high marshal, Edw. George, Francis Brooke, their treasurer, and Capt. Clerk. Certifies to their faithfulness and industry, and to the tyrannical conduct of Grenville from first to last, through

whose great default the action had been made most painful and perilous. Refers him to an ample discourse of the whole voyage in the hands of the bearer, their treasurer, directed to Sir W. Raleigh, wherein Grenville's intolerable pride, insatiable ambition, and proceedings towards them all, and to Lane in particular, are set forth. Has had so much experience of Grenville as to desire to be freed from the place where he is to carry any authority in chief.

AUG. 31. Sir R. Grenville returning home takes "a Spanish ship of 300 tunne richly loaden, boarding her with a boate made with boards of chests, which fell a sunder, and sunke at the shippes side assoone as euer he and his men were out of it." Hakluyt, *idem*, p. 736.

OCT. 29. *Sir Rich. Grenville to Sec. Walsingham*[from Plymouth]. Acquaints him with the success of his voyage. Has performed the action directed, and discovered, taken possession of, and peopled a new country [Virginia], and stored it with cattle, fruits, and plants. The commodities that are found there are such as he was advertised of by his cousin Sir Walter Raleigh. In his way home captured, after some fighting, a Spanish ship, returning from St. Domingo, laden with ginger and sugar.

1586. APR. 27. The Justices of Cornwall report to the Council "Sir R. Greynvile being about to depart to sea, has left his charge of 300 men to Geo. Greynville."

JUNE 19. Sir F. Drake and a large fleet bring home the first Virginian colony, arriving at Plymouth on 27 JULY.

JUNE. Immediately after their departure. a ship of 100 tons arrives with supplies, but finding the colony gone, returns home.

JULY. About 14 or 15 days after the departure of this ship, Sir R. Grenville, with 3 ships, arrives in Virginia. He also returns.

"Not long after he fell in with the Isles of *Azores*, on some of which islands he landed, and spoyled the towns of such thinges as were worth cariage, where also he tooke diuers Spanyardes, with these and many other exploytes done by him in this voyage, as well outwarde as homeward, he returned into England."—Hakluyt, *Idem*, p. 748.

1587. MAR. Is appointed by the Queen to survey the maritime defences and review the trained bands in Devonshire and Cornwall.

1588. APR. 3 In a statistical return of the musters of England at this date, *Harl. MS. 4228, f. 70*, out of 1,500 trained men in Cornwall, Sir Richard comes first with 303 men, armed with 129 *shott*, 69 *corsletts*, 179 *bowes*, and 0 [nought] *billes*.

APR. While preparing another fleet at Bideford for Virginia, for Sir W. Raleigh, Grenville is stayed by the Queen.

JULY-AUG. In the Armada fight : he guards Cornwall and Devon.

SEPT. 14. The Queen tells him to stay all shipping upon the north coast of Devon and Cornwall, as some of the Spanish ships had been driven to sundry ports on the west coast of Ireland.

1591. AUG. 31 [SEPT. 10.] The fight in the *Revenge* begins.

SEPT. 3 or 4 [13 or 14]. Sir R. Grenville dies on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, and his body is buried in the sea. He leaves four sons and five daughters. He was the grandfather of the "English Bayard," Sir Bevill Grenville [*b.* 23 March 1595—killed at the battle of Lansdowne, near Bath, on 5 July 1643].

DEC. 9. A commission issued to Sir R. Beville and five others to inquire after the death of Sir R. Grenville, Co. Cornwall.

The family were patrons of Bideford church; the only monument in which was that of Sir T. Grenville, Kt., *d.* 18 Mar 1513.

The decease of our hero's widow is thus entered in the parish register:—

1623. NOV. 5. "The Ladie Mary Grenvile, daughter unto the Right honourable Sir John St. Leger, Knight, deceased, and wife to that famous Warriour Sir Richard Grenvile, Knight, also deceased, beinge in his life time the Spaniard's terror; She was buried in the Grenvile's Isle in the church of Bediford the fifthe daie of November, A.D. 1623." *Polwhele. History of D. von, p. 425. Ed. 1797.*

The *Revenge* itself, a ship of 500 tons was notoriously unfortunate. In his "Observations in a Voyage to the South Sea," folio, 1622, Sir Richard Hawkins says of her:

As was plainly scene in the *Revenge*, which

was ever the vnfortunatest Ship, the late Queenes Maiestie had during her Raigne; for comming out of *Ireland*, with Sir *Iohn Parrot*, shee was like to be cast away vpon the *Kentish* Coast. After in the Voyage of Sir *Iohn Hawkins* my Father, Anno, 1586, shee strucke aground comming into *Plimouth*, before her going to Sea: Vpon the coast of *Spaine* shee left her Fleete, readie to sinke with a great Leake: At her retourne into the Harbour of *Plimouth*, shee beate vpon *Winter Stone*; and after in the same Voyage, going out of *Portsmouth* Haven, shee ranne twice a-ground; and in the latter of them, lay twentie two houres beating vpon the shore, and at length with eight foote of water in hold, she was forced off, and presently ranne vpon the Ooze, and was cause, that shee remained there (with other three Ships of her Maiesties) six moneths, till the Spring of the yeare; When comming about to be docked, entering the river of *Thames*, her old Leake breaking vpon her, had like to haue drowned all those which were in her. In Anno 1591. with a storme of wind and weather, riding at her Moorings in the river of *Rochester*, nothing but her bare Masts over head, shee was turned topse-turvie, her Kele vppermost: And the cost and losse shee wrought, I haue good cause to remember; in her last Voyage, in which shee was lost, when shee gaue *England* and *Spaine* iust cause to remember

her. For the *Spaniards* themselves confesse, that three of their Ships sunke by her side, and was the death of about 1500. of their men, with the losse of a great part of their fleete, by a storme which suddainly tooke them the next day. What *English* died in her, many liuing, are witnesses : Amongst which was Sir *Richard Grenfeild*, a noble and valiant Gentleman, Vice-admirall in her of her Maiesties Fleete. So that well considered, shee was even a Ship loaden, and full fraught with ill successe. [*Observations, &c.*, fol. 2-3. Ed. 1622].

The various extracts and pamphlets reprinted in these Volumes are the following :

I. Sir W. Monson's Account of the fight, from *Megalopsychy*, 1682, folio. According to Mr. Arber, there is a text printed in *Archæologia*, xxxiv., 296-349, differing considerably from the 1682 edition.

II. An Extract from a Letter from Thomas Phelipps to Thomas Barnes. (*Col. State Papers*).

III. Lord Bacon's Account of the Fight,

from his "Considerations touching a Warre with Spaine," written in 1624, and included in "Certaine Miscellany Works," edited by William Rawley,* 1629.

IV. An Extract from Sir Richard Hawkins's "Observations in a Voyage to the South Sea."

V. An account of the Fight and subsequent Hurricane, by Jan Huygen van Linschoten. This is an extract from his "Discours of Voyages into y^e Easte and West Indies," folio, 1598, which is itself a translation of a Dutch work which appeared in 1596. It has been translated into most European languages. For an

* Educated at Cambridge, became Rector of Bowthorpe, Norfolk, and Vicar of Landbeach, Cambridgeshire; he was chaplain and amanuensis to Lord Bacon, and subsequently chaplain to Charles I. and Charles II. He died in 1667. (*Allibone, Dict. of British and American Authors*).

account of the author, see note appended to his narrative.

VI. Sir Walter Raleigh's "Report of the Truth of the Fight about the Iles of Açores this last sommer," 4to, 1591.

This tract has no author's name attached, but it was reprinted by Hakluyt, in his *Collection of Voyages*, 1598-1600, with the words "*penned by the honourable Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight.*"

VII. The "*Tragedie of Sir Richard Grenville*," by Gervase Markham, 4to, 1591.

A short biographical and bibliographical account of Markham is appended to his curious poem.

VIII. Sir Richard Grenville's Farewell. (Add. MSS., British Museum, 2497). Circa 1543.

This is, of course, not *our* Richard, but

a kinsman of his, of the same name, who died in 1550. It is given here, as a proof of the wild desire for travel and adventure which was implanted in the breasts of so many members of this family. It was printed by Mr. R. N. Worth, in his "West Country Garland," 8vo., 1875.

I have added a few notes, which I trust will help the student, while their brevity will, I hope, prevent their vexing the mind of the "general reader," a genus we all know so well by reputation, but which I, at any rate, have never found any man acknowledge himself to belong to.

EDMUND GOLDSMID.

EDINBURGH, *14th March, 1886.*







The Last Fight of The Revenge.

SIR W. MONSON'S ACCOUNT.



HER Maiesty understanding of the *Indian* Fleets Wintering in the *Havana*, and that Necessity would compell them home this Year 1591, she sent a Fleet to the Islands under the Command of the Lord *Thomas Howard*.

The King of *Spain* perceiving her Drift, and being sensible how much the safety of that Fleete concerned him, caused them to set out thence so late in the Year, that it endangered the Shipwrack of them all; chosing rather to hazard the perishing of Ships, Men and Goods, then their falling into our hands.

He had two Designs in bringing home this Fleete so late: One was, he thought the Lord *Thomas* would have consumed his Victuals, and have been forced Home: The other, that he

might in the mean time furnish the great Fleet he was preparing, little inferior to that of 1588. In the first he found himself deceived: For my Lord was supplied both with Ships and Victuals out of *England*; and in the second, he was as much prevented: For my Lord of *Cumberland*, who then lay upon the Coast of *Spain*, had Intelligence of the *Spaniards* putting out to Sea, and advertised the Lord Thomas thereof, the very Night before they arrived at *Flores*, where my Lord lay.

The day after this Intelligence, the *Spanish* Fleet was discovered by my Lord *Thomas*, whom he knew by their Number and Greatness, to be the Ships of which he had warning; and by that means escaped the Danger that Sir *Richard Greenville*, his Vice-admiral rashly ran into. Upon View of the *Spaniards*, which were 55 Sail, the Lord *Thomas* warily, and like a discreet General, weighed Anchor, and made Signs to the rest of his Fleet to do the like, with a purpose to get the Wind of them; but Sir *Richard Greenville*, being a stubborn man, and imagining this Fleet to come from the *Indies*, and not to be the *Armado* of which they were informed, would by no means be persuaded by his Master, or Company, to cut his main Sail, to follow the Admiral; nay, so head-strong and rash he was, that he offered violence to those that counselled him thereto.

But the Old Saying, that a wilful man is the Cause of his own Woe, could not be more truly verified than in him. For when the *Armado* approached him, and he beheld the Greatness of the Ships, he begun to see and repent him of his Folly, and when it was too late, would have freed himself of them, but in vain : For he was left a Prey to the Enemy, every Ship striving to be the first should board him.

This wilful Rashness of Sir *Richard* made the *Spaniards* triumph as much as if they had obtained a Signal Victory, it being the first Ship that ever they took of Her Majesties, and commended to them by some English Fugitives to be the very best she had ; but their Joy continued not long. For they enjoyed her but five days before she was cast away with many *Spaniards* in her, upon the Islands of *Tercera*.

Commonly one Misfortune is accompanied with another : For the *Indian* Fleet, for which my Lord had waited the whole Summer, the day after this mishap, fell into the Company of the *Spanish Armado* ; who, if they had staid but one day longer, or the *Indian* Fleet had come home but one day sooner, we had possess both them and many millions of Treasure which the Sea afterwards devoured : For from the tyme they met with the Armado, and before they could recover home, nigh an hundred of them suffered Ship-

wrack, besides the *Ascention of Sevil*, and the double Fly-boat, that were sunk by the side of the *Revenge*.

All which was occasioned by their Wintering in the *Indies* and the late Disambogueing from thence : For the worm which that Country, is subject to, weakens and consumes their Ships.

Notwithstanding their cross and perverse Fortune which happened by means of Sir *Richard Greenville*, the Lord *Thomas* would not be dismayed or discouraged ; but kept the Sea so long as he had Victuals ; and by such Ships as himself and the rest of the Fleet took, defrayed the better part of the Charge of the whole Action.

AN EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM THOMAS PHELIPPES.



AN write no good news from hence ; the loss of the *Revenge*, with Sir R. Grenfield is stale ; they disguised it here with the sinking of so many of the King of Spain's ships and men ; and besides she has since sunk in the sea, with many Spaniards that were in her ; they condemn the Lord Thomas for a coward, and some say he is for the King of Spain. Supposes he has heard of the quarrel and

offer of combat between the Lord Admiral and Sir Walter Raleigh. Seven prizes, part of the West India fleet, have been brought in by the merchants that went to second Lord Thomas. They report that the rest, with the King's ships of war, are drowned by a tempest, and only 26 arrived in Spain. *Cal. S.P., Eliz.*

LORD BACON'S ACCOUNT.



N the yeare 1591, was that Memorable Fight, of an *English Ship* called the *Reuenge*, vnder the Command of Sir *Richard Greenwill*; Memorable (I say) euen beyond credit, and to the Height of some Heroicall Fable. And though it were a Defeat, yet it exceeded a Victory: Being like the Act of *Sampson*, that killed more men at his Death, than he had done in the time of all his Life. This *Ship*, for the space of 15. hours, sate like a Stagge amongst Hounds, at the bay, and was seiged, and fought with, in turne, by 15. great Ships of Spaine; Part of a Nauy of 55. Ships in all; The rest like Abettors looking on a farre off. And amongst the 15. Ships that fought, the great *Sant Philippo* was one; A Ship of 1500. tonne, Prince of the twelue *Sea Apostles*;

Which was right glad, when she was shifted off from the *Renenge*. This braue ship the *Renenge*, being manned only with 200. whereof 80. lay sicke, yet neuerthelesse after a Fight maintained (as was said) of 15. hours and two Ships of the Enemy sunke by her side; Besides many more torne and battred, and great slaughter of Men; neuer came to be entred, but was taken by Composition; The Enemies themselves hauing in admiration the Vertue of the Commander, and the whole Tragedy of that Ship. [*Considerations touching a Warre with Spaine*, included in *Certaine Miscellany Works*, Ed. by Dr. Rawley, p. 52-3. Ed. 1629.]

SIR RICHARD HAWKINS'S ACCOUNT.



IN the Fleete of her Maiestie, vnder the charge of my Father Sir *John Hawkins*, Anno 1590. vpon the coast of *Spaine*, the Vice-admirall being a head one morning, where his place was to be a Sterne, lost vs the taking of eight men of Warre, loaden with Munition, Victuals, and Provisions, for the supplie of the Souldiers in *Brittaine*: and although they were seauen or eight Leagues from the Shore, when our Vice-admirall began to fight with them,

yet for that the rest of our Fleete were some foure, some fiue Leagues, and some more distant from them, when we beganne to giue chase: the *Spaniards* recovered into the Harbour of *Monge*, before our Admirall could come vp to give direction, yet well beaten, with losse of aboute two hundreth men, as they themselues confessed to me after.

In this poynt, at the Ile of *Flores*, Sir *Richard Greenfield* got eternall honour and reputation of great valour, and of an experimented Souldier, chusing rather to sacrifice his life, and to passe all danger whatsoeuer, then to fayle in his Obligation, by gathering together those which had remained ashore in that place, though with the hazard of his ship and companie; And rather we ought to imbrace an honourable death then to liue with infamie and dishonour, by fayling in dutie; and I account that he, and his Country got much honor in that occasion: for one ship, and of the second sort of her Maiesties, sustained the force of all the Fleete of *Spaine*, and gaue them to vnderstand, that they be impregnable, for having bought deerely the boording of her, diuers and sundry times, and with many ioyntly, and with a continuall fight of 14. or 16. houres, at length leaving her without any Mast standing, and like a Logge in the Sea, shee made notwithstanding, a most honourable composition of life and libertie,

for about two hundred and sixty men,* as by the Pay-booke appeareth : which her Maiestie of her free grace commanded in recompence of their service, to be given to every one his six moneths wages. All which may worthily be written in our Chronicles in letters of Gold, in memory for all Posterities, some to beware, and others by that example in the like occasions, to imitate the true valour of our Nation in these Ages.

In point of Providence, which Captaine *Vavisor* in the *Foresight* gaue also good prooffe of his valour, in casting about vpon the whole Fleete, notwithstanding the greatnesse and multitude of the Spanish *Armado*, to yeeld that succour which he was able ; Although some doe say, and I consent with them, that the best valour is to obey, and to follow the head, seeme that good or bad which is commanded. [*Observations, fol. 9-11.*]

* This evidently comprises the entire crew, sick and well. The action seems to have been fought by about a hundred Englishmen. The rest lay sick.



LINSCHOTEN'S ACCOUNT.



THE 25. of August [1591], ye kings *Armado* comming out of *Farol* ariued in *Tercera*, being in all 30. ships: Biskaies, Portingals and Spaniards, and 10. Dutch flie-boats, y^t were arested in *Lisbone* to serue y^e king, besides other smal ships Pat-axos, y^t came to serue as messengers from place to place, and to discouer the seas. This nauie came to stay for, and conuoy the ships that shold come from the Spanish *Indies*, and the flie-boates were apointed in their returne home, to take in the goods y^t were saued in y^e lost ship y^t came from *Malacca*, and to conuoy it to *Lisbon*.

The 13. of September the saide *Armado* ariued at the Island of *Coruo*, where the Englishmen with about sixteene shippes as then lay, staying for the Spanish Fleete: whereof some or the most parte were come, and there the English were in good hope to haue taken them. But when they perceyued the Kings Army* to be strong, the Admirall being the Lorde *Thomas Howard*, commaunded his Fleete not to fall vpon them, nor any of them once to seperate their shippes from him, vnlesse he gaue commission so to doe:

* Armada.

notwithstanding the Vice Admirall Sir *Rychard Greenfield*, being in the ship called the *Reuenge* went into the Spanish fleete, and shot among them, doing them great hurte, and thinking the rest of the company would haue followed : which they did not, but left him there, and sayled away : the cause why could not be knowne : which the Spaniardes perceiuing, with seuen or eight shippes they borden her, but she withstood them all, fighting with them at least 12. houres together, and sunke two of them, one being a newe double Flie boat of 1200. tunnes, and Admirall of the Flie boates, the other a Biscaine : But in the ende by reason of the number that came vppon her she was taken, but to their great losse : for they had lost in fighting, and by drowning aboue 400. men, and of the English were slaine about a hundred, Sir *Rychard Greenfield* himselfe being wounded in his braine, whereof afterwardees hee dyed.

He was borne in the ship called the *Saint Paule*, wherein was the Admirall of the fleet *Don Alonso de Barsan* : there his woundes were drest by the Spanish Surgeons, but *Don Alonso* himselfe would neither see him, nor speake with him : all the rest of the Captaines and Gentlemen went to visite hym, and to comfort him in his hard fortune, wondring at his courage, and stout hart, for that he shewed not any signe of faintnes nor changing

of colour. But feeling the hower of death to approach, hee spake these wordes in Spanish, and said : Here die I *Richard Greenfield*, with a ioyfull and quiet mind, for that I haue ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, y^t hath fought for his countrey, Queene, religion, and honor, whereby my soule most ioyfull departeth out of this bodie, and shall alwaies leaue behinde it an euerlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier, that hath done his dutie, as he was bound to doe. When he had finished these or such other like words, hee gaue vp the Ghost, with great and stout courage, and no man could perceiue any true signe of heauinesse in him.

This Sir *Richard Greenfield* was a great and a rich Gentleman in *England*, and had great yearely reuenues of his owne inheritance : but he was a man very vnquiet in his minde, and greatly affected to warre : in so much as of his owne priuate motion hee offered his seruice to the Queene, he had performed many valiant actes, and was greatlie feared in these Islands, and knowne of euery man, but of nature very seuer, so that his owne people hated him for his fiercenes, and spake verie hardly of him : for when they first entred into the Fleete or Armado, they had their great sayle in a readinesse, and might possiblie enough haue sayled away : for it was one of the best ships for sayle in *England*, and the Master perceiuing that the other

shippes had left them, and followed not after, commanded the great sayle to be cut, that they might make away: but Sir *Richard Greenfield* threatned both him, and all the rest that were in the ship, that if any man laid vppon it, he would cause him to be hanged, and so by that occasion they were compelled to fight, and in the end were taken.

He was of so hard a complection, that as he continued among the Spanish Captaines while they were at dinner or supper with him, he would carouse three or foure glasses of wine, and in a brauerie take the glasses betweene his teeth and crash them in peeces and swallow them downe, so that often times the blood ran out of his mouth without any harme at all vnto him, and this was told me by diuers credible persons that many times stooode and behelde him.

The English men that were left in the ship, as the captaine of the souldiers, the Master and others were dispersed into diuers of the Spanish ships that had taken them, where there had almost a new fight arisen betweene the Biscaines and the Portingales: while ech of them would haue the honour to haue first borded her, so that there grew a great noise and quarrell among them, one taking the chiefe ancient, and the other the flagge, and the Captaine and euery one held his owne.

The ships that had bording her were altogether out of order, and broken, and many of their men hurt, whereby they were compelled to come into the Island of *Tercera*, there to repaire themselves: where being ariued, I and my chamber fellow, to heare some newes went aboard on one of the ships being a great Biscaine, and one of the twelue Apostles, whose Captaine was called *Bertandono*, that had bin Generall of the *Biscaynes* in the fleete that went for England.* Hee seeing vs called vs vp into the gallerie, where with great curtesie hee receiued vs, beeing as then set at dinner with the English Captain that sa'te by him, and had on a sute of blacke veluet, but he could not tell vs anything, for that he could speake no other language, but English and Latine, which *Bertandono* also could a little speake.

The English Captaine got licence of the gouernour that hee might come on land with his weapon by his side, and was in our lodging with the Englishman that was kept prisoner on the Iland, being of that ship wherof the saylers got away, as I said before. The Gouernour of *Tercera* bad him to dinner, and shewed him great curtesie. The Master likewise with licence of *Bertandono* came on land, and was in our lodging,

* In 1588.

and had at the least ten or twelve woundes, as well in his head, as on his body, whereof after that being at sea, betweene *Lisbone* and the Ilands he died. The Captaine wrote a letter, wherein he declared all the manner of the fight, and left it with the English Marchant that lay in our lodging, to send it to the Lord Admiral of England. This English Captaine comming vnto *Lisbone*, was there well receiued, and not any hurt done vnto him, but with good conuoy sent to *Sentual*, and from thence sayled vnto England, with all the rest of the Englishmen that were taken prisoners.

The Spanish armie* staid at the Island of *Coruo* till the last of September, to assemble the rest of the fleet together; which in the end were to the number of 140. saile of ships, partly coming from *India*, and partly of the Army and being altogether ready vnto saile in *Tercera* in good company, there sodinely rose so hard and cruell a storme, that those of the Island did affirme, that in mans memorie there was neuer any such seen or heard of before: for it seemed the sea would have swallowed vp the Islands, the water mounting higher than the Clifles, which are so high that it amaseth a man

* Armada.

to beholde them: but the sea reached aboute them, and liuing fishes were throwne vpon the land. This storme continued not only a day or two with one wind but seuen or eight dayes continually, the wind turning round about, in all places of the compasse, at the least twice or thrice during that time, and all alike, with a continuall storme and tempest most terrible to behold, euen to vs that were on shore, much more then to such as were at sea: so that only on the coastes and Clifles of the Iland of *Tercera*, there were aboute twelue ships cast away, and not only vpon the one side, but round about it in euery corner, wherby nothing els was heard but complayning, crying, lamenting, and telling here is a shippe broken in pieces against the Clifles, and there another, and all the men drowned: so that for the space of 20. dayes after the storme, they did nothing els but fish for dead men, that continually came driuing on the shore.

Among the rest was the English ship called the *Reuenge*, that was cast away vpon a Cliffe nere to the Iland of *Tercera*, where it brake in a hundred peeces and sunke to the ground, hauing in her 70. men gallegos, Biscaines, and others, with some of the captiue Englishmen, whereof but one was saued that got vp vpon the Clifles aliue, and had his body and head all wounded, and hee being on shore brought vs the newes, desiring to be shriuen,

and therevpon presently died. The *Reuenge* had in her diuers faire brasse peeces, that were all sunke in the sea, which they of the Island were in good hope to waigh up againe.

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On the other Islandes the losse was no lesse then in *Tercera*: for on the Island of *Saint George* there were two ships cast away: on the Island of *Pico* two shippes: on the Island *Gratiosa* three ships, and beside, those there came euerie where round about diuers peeces of broken ships, and other things fleeting towards the Islands, wherewith the sea was all couered most pittifull to behold. On the Island of *S. Michael*, there were foure ships cast away, and betweene *Tercera* and *S. Michaels*, three more were sunke, which were seene and heard to crie out, wherof not one man was saued. The rest put into sea without Masts, all torne and rent: so that of the whole Fleete and Armado, being 140. ships in al, there were but 32. or 33. ariued in *Spain* and *Portingall*, yea and those few with so great miserie, paine and labor, that not two of them ariued there together, but this day one, and tomorrow another, next day the third, and so one after the other to y^e number aforesaid. All the rest were cast away vpon the Islands, and ouerwhelmed in the sea: whereby may bee considered what great losse and hinder-

ance they receaued at that time: for by many mens iudgements it was esteemed to be much more then was left by their armie that came for England, and it may well bee thought, and presumed, that it was no other than a iust plague purposely sent by God vpon the *Spaniards*, and that it might truely bee said, the taking of the *Reuenge* was iustlie reuenged vpon them, and not by the might or force of man, but by the power of God, as some of them openly said in the Isle of *Tercera*, that they beleeued verily God would consume them, and that hee tooke part with Lutheranes and Heretickes: saying further y^t so soone as they had throwne the dead bodie of the Viceadmirall Sir *Richard Greenfield* ouer borde, they verily thought that as he had a deuilish faith and religion, and therefore y^e deuils loued him, so he presently sunke into the bottome of the sea, and downe into Hell, where he rayzed vp all y^e deuils to the reuenge of his death: and that they brought so great stormes and tormentes vpon the Spaniardes, because they onely maintained the Catholike and Romish religion: such and the like blasphemies against God, they ceased not openly to vtter, without that any man reprobued them therein, nor for their false opinions, but the most part of them rather said and affirmed, that of truth it must needes be so.

As one of those Indian Fleetes put out of *Nova Spaigna*, there were 35. of them by storme and tempest cast away and drowned in the sea, being 50. in all, so that 15. escaped. Of the fleete that came from *Santo Domingo*, there were 14. cast away, comming out of the channell of *Hauana*, whereof the Admirall and Viceadmirall were two of them: and from *Terra Firma* in *India*, there came two shippes laden with gold and siluer, that were taken by the Englishmen, and before Spanish Armie came to *Coruo*, the Englishmen at times had taken at the least 20. shippes, that came from *S. Domingo*, *India*, *Brasilia*, &c. and al sent into *England*. Whereby it plainly appeareth, that in y^e end God wil assuredly plague the Spaniards, hauing already blinded them, so that they haue not the sence to perceiue it, but still to remain in their obstinate opinions: but it is lost labour to striue against God, and to trust in man, as being foundations erected vppon the sands, which with the wind are blown down, and ouerthrowen, as wee dayly see before our eyes, and now not long since in many places haue evidently obserued: and therefore let euery man looke into his owne actions, and take our Low countries for an example, wherein we can but blame our owne sinnes and wickednesse, which doth so blind vs, that wee wholly forget and reiect the benefites of God, continuing the

seruauntes and yokeslaues of Sathan. God of his mercie open our eyes and hearts, that wee may know our onely health and sauour Iesus Christ, who onely can helpe, gouerne, and preserue vs, and give us a happie ende in all our affaires. (*Itinerario*, fol. 192-4.*)

* Linschoten, a native of Holland, left that country in 1576, and after a few years spent in Spain, went to India in 1583. He left Goa on his return in 1588, and remained nearly three years at Terceira, 70 miles from Flores, where the Revenge's last fight occurred. He reached his home in September 1592, and three years later published his *Itinerario*.

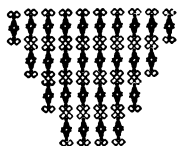




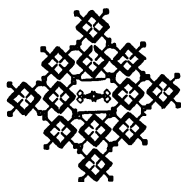
A R E P O R T
OF THE TRVTH OF
the Fight about the
Isles of Agores
this last
Sommer.

BETVVIXT THE
Reuenge, one of her
Maesties Shippes,

And an Armada of the King
of Spaine.



LONDON
Printed for william Ponfonbie.
1 5 9 1.





A Report of the truth of the
fight about the Isles of Azores, this last
summer, betwixt the Reuenge, one
of her Maiesties Shippes, and
an Armada of the king
*of Spaine.**



BECAUSE the rumours are diuersly spread, as well in Englande as in the lowe countries and els where, of this late encounter between her maiesties ships and the Armada of *Spain*; and that the Spaniardes according to their vsuall maner, fill the world with their vaine glorious vaunts, making great apparance of victories: when on the contrary, themselues are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonoured; therby hoping to possesse the ignorant multitude by anticipating and fore-running false reports: It is agreeable with all

* See Introduction for reasons for attributing this tract to Sir. W. Raleigh.

good reason, for manifestation of the truth to overcome falshood and vntruth; that the beginning, continuance and successe of this late honourable encounter of Syr *Richard Grinuile*, and other her maiesties Captaines, with the Armada of *Spaine*; should be truly set downe and published without parcialitie or false imaginations. And it is no maruell that the Spaniard should seeke by false and slanderous Pamphlets, aduises and Letters, to couer their own losse, and to derogate from others their due honours especially in this fight beeing performed farre of; seeing they were not ashamed in the yeare 1588. when they purposed the inuasion of this land, to publish in sundrie languages in print, great victories in wordes, which they pleaded to haue obtained against this Realme, and spredde the same in a most false sort ouer all partes of *France*, *Italie*, and elsewhere. When shortly after it was happily manifested in verie deed to all Nations, how their Nauy which they termed inuincible, consisting of 240. saile of ships, not onely of their own kingdom, but strengthened with the greatest Argosies, *Portugall* Caractes, Florentines and huge Hulkes of other countries: were by thirtie of her Maiesties owne shippes of warre, and a few of our owne Marchants, by the wise, valiant, and most aduantagious conduction of the L. *Charles Howard*, high Admirall of England, beaten and shuffeled together, euen

from the Lizard in *Cornwall*: first to *Portland*, where they shamefully left *Don Pedro de Values*, with his mightie shippe: from *Portland* to *Cales*, where they lost *Hugo de Moncado*, with the Gallias of which he was Captain, and from *Cales*, driuen with squibs from their anchors: were chased out of the sight of England, round about *Scotland* and *Ireland*. Where for the sympathie of their barbarous religion, hoping to finde succour and assistance: a great part of them were crusht against the rocks, and those other that landed, being verie manie in number, were notwithstanding broken, slaine, and taken, and so sent from village to village coupled in halters to be shipped into Engla[n]d. Where her Maiestie of her Princely and inuincible disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retaine or entertaine them: were all sent backe againe to their countries, to witnesse and recount the worthy achievements of their inuincible and dreadful Navy. Of which the number of souldiers, the fearefull burthen of their shippes, the commanders names of euerie squadron, with all other their magazines of prouision, were put in print, as an Army and Nauy vnresistible, and disdaining preuention. With all which so great and terrible an ostentation, they did not in all their sailing rounde about England, so much as sinke or take one ship, Barke, Pinnes, or Cockbote of ours: or

euer burnt so much as one shepcote of this land. When as on the contrarie, *Syr Francis Drake*, with only 800. souldiers not long before, landed in their Indies, and forced *Santiago, Santa Domingo, Cartagena*, and the Fortes of *Florida*.

And after that, *Syr John Norris* marched from *Peniche* in *Portugall*, with a handfull of souldiers, to the gates of *Lisbone*, being aboue 40. English miles. Where the Earle of *Essex* himselfe and other valiant Gentlemen, braued the Cittie of *Lisbone*, encamped at the verie gates; from whence after many daies abode, finding neither promised partie, nor prouision to batter: made retrait by land, in despight of all their Garrisons, both of Horse and foote. In this sort I haue a little digressed from my first purpose, only by the necessarie comparison of theirs and our actions: the one couetous of honour without vaunt and ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affaires, and by false rumors to resist the blasts of their own dishonors, as they wil not only not blush to spread all maner of vntruthes: but euen for the least aduantage, be it but for the taking of one poore aduenturer of the English; will celebrate the victorie with bonefiers in euery town, alwaies spending more in faggots, then the purchase was worth they obtained. When as we neuer yet thought it worth the consumption of two billets, when we haue taken

eight or ten of their Indian shippes at one time, and twentie of the Brazill fleet. Such is the difference between true valure, and ostentation: and betweene honourable actions, and friuolous vaine glorious uaunts. But now to returne to my first purpose.

The *L. Thomas Howard*, with sixe of her Maiesties ships, sixe victualers of London, the barke *Ralegh*, and two or three Pinnasses riding at anchor nere vnto Flores, one of the Westerlie Ilands of the Azores, the last of August in the after noone, had intelligence by one Captaine *Midleton*, of the approch of the Spanish Armada. Which *Midleton* being in a verie good Sailer, had kept them companie three daies before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to giue aduice to my *L. Thomas* of their approch. He had no sooner deliuered the newes but the Fleet was in sight: manie of our shippes companies were on shore in the Iland; some prouiding balast for their ships; others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such thinges as they coulde either for money, or by force recouer. By reason whereof our ships being all pestered and romaging euerie thing out of order, verie light for want of ballast. And that which was most to our disaduantage, the one halfe part of the men of euerie shippe sicke, and vtterly vnserviceable. For in the *Revenge* there

were ninetie diseased : in the *Bonaventure*, not so many in health as could handle her maine saile. For had not twentie men beene taken out of a Barke of Sir *George Caryes*, his being commanded to be sunke, and those appointed to her, she had hardly euer recouered England. The rest, for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Maiesties shippes were these as followeth : The *Defsaunce*, which was Admirall, the *Reuenge* Viceadmirall, the *Bonaventure* commanded by Captaine *Crosse*, the *Lion* by *George Fennier*, the *Foresight* by M. *Thomas Vauisour*, and the *Crane* by *Duffield*. The *Foresight* and the *Crane* being but small ships ; onely the other were of the middle size ; the rest, besides the Barke *Ralegh*, commanded by Captaine *Thin*, were victualers, and of small force or none. The Spanish fleete hauing shrouded their approach by reason of the Iland ; were now so soone at hand, as our ships had scarce time to waye their anchors, but some of them were driuen to let slippe their Cables, and set sayle. Sir *Richard Grinuile* was the last waied, to recouer the men that were vpon the Iland, which otherwise had beene lost. The *L. Thomas* with the rest verie hardly recovered the winde, which Sir *Richard Grinuile* not being able to do, was perswaded by the maister and others to cut his maine saile, and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of his shippe : for the squadron of

'Siuil were on his wether bow. But Sir *Richard* vtterly refused to turne from the enimie, alledging that he would rather chose to dye, then to dishonour him selfe, his countrie, and her Maiesties shippe, perswading his companie that he would passe through the two Squadrons, in despight of them: and enforce those of *Siuill* to giue him way. Which he performed ypon diuerse of the formost, who as the Marriners terme it, sprang their luffe, and fell vnder the lee of the *Reuenge*. But the other course had beene the better, and might right well haue beene answered in so great an impossibilitie of preuailing. Notwithstanding out of the greatnesse of his minde, he could not bee perswaded. In the meane while as hee attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the winde of him, and comming towards him, becalmed his sailes in such sort, as the shippe could neither way nor feelee the helme: so huge and high cargd was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and fue hundreth tuns. Who afterlaid the *Reuenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sailes, the ships that wer vnder his lee luffing vp, also laid him aborde: of which the next was the Admirall of the Biscaines, a verie mightie and puyasant shippe commanded by *Brittan Dona*. The said *Philip* carried three tire of ordinance on a side, and eleuen peeces in euerie

tire. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her *Sterne* portes.

After the *Reuenge* was intangled with this *Philip*, foure other boorded her; two on her larboord, and two on her starboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clocke in the after noone, continued verie terrible all that euenig. But the great *San Philip* hauing receyued the lower tire of the *Reuenge*, discharged with crossebarshot, shifted hir selfe with all diligence from her sides, vtterly misliking hir first entertainment. Some say that the shippe foundred, but wee cannot report it for truth, vnlesse we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of souldiers, in some two hundred besides the Marriners; in some fieve, in others eight hundreth. In ours there were none at all, beside the Marriners, but the seruants of the commanders and some fewe voluntarie Gentlemen only. After many enter-changed voleies of great ordinance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Reuenge*, and made diuers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed souldiers and Musketiers, but were still repulsed againe and againe, and at all times beaten backe, into their owne shippes, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble*, of *London*, hauing receiued some shot thorow her by the *Armados*, fell vnder the Lee of the *Reuenge*, and asked Syr

Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victulers and of small force: Syr *Richard* bid him saue himselfe, and leaue him to his fortune. After the fight had thus without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some houres of the night, many of our men were slaine and hurt, and one of the great Gallions of the Armada, and the Admirall of the Hulkes both sunke, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that sir *Richard* was verie dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and laie speechlesse for a time ere he recouered. But two of the *Reuenge's* owne companie, brought home in a ship of Lime from the Ilandes, examined by some of the Lordes, and others: affirmed that he was neuer so wounded as that hee forsooke the vpper decke, til an houre before midnight; and then being shot into the bodie with a Musket as hee was a dressing, was againe shot into the head, and withall his Chirugion wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by Syr *Frances Godolphin*, of 4. other Marriners of the same shippe being returned, which examination, the said Syr *Frances* sent vnto maister *William Killigrue*, one of her Maiesties priue Chamber.

But to return to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to boord the *Reuenge*, as they were wounded and beaten of, so alwaies others

came in their places, she hauing neuer lesse then two mightie Gallions by her sides, and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clocke the day before, there had fiteene seuerall Armados assailed her; and all so ill approued their entertainment, as they were by the breake of day, far more willing to harken to a composition, then hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day encreased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, sauing one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by *Iacob Whiddon*, who houered all night to see the successe: but in the mornyng bearing with the *Reuenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many rauenous houndes, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Reuenge* to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundreth free from sickness, and fourescore and ten sicke, laid in hold vpon the Ballast. A small troupe to man such a ship, and a weake Garrison to resist so mighty an Army. By those hundred all was sustained, the voleis, bourdings, and entrings of fiteene shippes of warre, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrarie, the Spanish were alwaics supplied with souldiers

brought from euerie squadron: all maner of Armes and powder at will. Vnto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the mastes all beaten ouer board, all her tackle cut a sunder, her vpper worke altogether rased, and in effect euened she was with the water, but the verie foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left ouer head either for flight or defence. Syr *Richard* finding himselfe in this distresse, and vnable anie longer to make resistance, hauing endured in this fifteene houres fight, the assault of fifteene seuerall Armadoes, all by tournes aboorde him, and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillerie, besides manie assaults and entries. And that himselfe and the shippe must needes be possessed by the enemie, who were now all cast in a ring round about him; The *Reuenge* not able to moue one way or other, but as she was moued with the waues and billow of the sea: commanded the maister Gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sinke the shippe; that thereby nothing might remaine of glorie or victorie to the Spaniards: seeing in so manie houres fight, and with so great a Naue they were not able to take her, hauing had fifteene houres time, fifteene thousand men, and fiftie and three saile of men of warre to performe it withall. And perswaded the companie, or as manie as he could induce, to

yeelde themselves vnto God, and to the mercie of none els; but as they had like valiant resolute men, repulsed so manie enimies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation, by prolonging their owne liues for a few houres or a few daies. The maister Gunner readilie condescended, and diuers others; but the Captaine and the Maister were of an other opinion, and besought Sir *Richard* to haue care of them: alleaging that the Spaniard would be as readie to entertaine a composition, as they were willing to offer the same: and that there being diuerse sufficient and valiant men yet liuing, and whose woundes were not mortall, they might doe their countrie and prince acceptable seruice hereafter. And (that where Sir *Richard* had alleaged that the Spaniards should neuer glorie to haue taken one shippe of her Maiesties, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended them selues) they answered, that the shippe had sixe foote water in hold; three shot vnder water, which were so weakly stopped, as with the first working of the sea, she must needes sinke, and was besides so crusht and brused, as she could neuer be remoued out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir *Richard* refusing to hearken to any of those reasons: the maister of the *Reuenge* (while the Captaine wan vnto him the greater party) was conuoyde aborde the Generall *Don Alonso*

Bassan. Who finding none ouer hastie to enter the *Reuenge* againe, doubting least *S. Richard* would haue blowne them vp and himselfe, and perceiuing by the report of the maister of the *Reuenge* his daungerous disposition: yeelded that all their liues should be sau'd, the companie sent for England and the better sorte to pay such reasonable ransome as their estate would beare, and in the meane season to be free from Gally or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well as I haue saide, for feare of further losse and mischief to them selues, as also for the desire hee had to recouer Sir *Richard Grinuile*; whom for his notable valure he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safetie of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their perill, the most drew backe from Sir *Richard* and the maister Gunner, being no hard matter to diswade men from death to life. The maister Gunner finding him selfe and Sir *Richard* thus preuented and maistered by the greater number, would haue slaine himselfe with a sword, had he not beene by force withheld and locked into his Cabben. Then the Generall sent manie boats aboard the *Reuenge*, and diuerse of our men fearing Sir *Richards* disposition, stole away aboard the Generall and other shippes. Sir *Richard* thus ouermatched, was

sent vnto by *Alonso Bassan* to remoue out of the *Reuenge*, the shippe being maruellous vnsauerie, filled with bloud and bodies of deade, and wounded men like a slaughter house. Sir *Richard* answered that he might do with his bodie what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the shippe he swounded, and reuiuing againe desired the companie to pray for him. The Generall vsed Sir *Richard* with all humanitie, and left nothing vnattempted that tended to his recouerie, highly commending his valour and worthines, and greatly bewailed the daunger wherein he was, beeing vnto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution sildome approued, to see one ship turne toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boording of so many huge Armados, and to resist and repell the assaults and entries of so many souldiers. All which and more, is confirmed by a Spanish Captaine of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being seuered from the rest in a storm, was by the *Lyon* of London a small ship taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The generall commander of the Armada, was *Don Alonso Bassan*, brother to the Marquesse of *Santa Cruce*. The Admirall of the *Biscaine* squadron, was *Britan Dona*. Of the squadron of *Siuil*, Marques of *Arumburch*. The Hulkes and Flybotes were commaunded by *Luis Cutino*.

There was slaine and drowned in this fight, well neere two thousand of the enemies, and two especiall commanders *Don Luis de sant Iohn*, and *Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga*, as the Spanish Captain confesseth, besides diuers others of speciall account, wherof as yet report is not made.

The Admirall of the Hulkes and the Ascention of *Siuill*, were both sunke by the side of the *Reuenge*; one other recouered the rode of Saint *Michels*, and suncke also there; a fourth ranne her selfe with the shore to saue her men. Syr *Richard* died as it is said, the second or third day aboard the Generall, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his bodie, whether it were buried in the sea or on the lande wee know not: the comfort that remaineth to his friendes is, that he hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation wonne to his nation and country, and of the same to his posteritie, and that being dead, he hath not outliued his owne honour.

For the rest of her Maiesties ships that entred not so far into the fight as the *Reuenge*, the reasons and causes were these. There were of them but six in all, whereof two but smal ships; the *Reuenge* ingaged past recouerie: The Iland of *Flores* was on the one side, 53. saile of the Spanish, diuided into squadrons on the other, all as full filled with soldiers as they could containe.

Almost the one halfe of our men sicke, and not able to serue : the ships growne foule, vnroomaged and scarcely able to beare anie saile for want of ballast, hauing been sixe moneths at the sea before. If al the rest had entred, all had been lost. For the verie hugenes of the Spanish Fleet, if no other violence had been offred, would haue crusht them between them into shiuers. Of which the dishonour and losse to the Queene had beene far greater then the spoile or harme that the enemy could any way haue receiued. Notwithstanding it is verie true, that the Lord *Thomas* would haue entred betweene the squadrons, but the rest wold not condescend ; and the maister of his owne ship offred to leape into the sea, rather then to conduct that her Maiesties ship and the rest to be a praie to the enemy, where there was no hope nor possibilitie either of defence or victorie. Which also in my opinion had il sorted or answered the discretion and trust of a Generall, to commit himselfe and his charge to an assured destruction, without hope or any likelihood of preuailing : therby to diminish the strength of her Maiesties Nauy, and to enrich the pride and glorie of the enemy. The Foresight of the Queenes, commanded by M. *Th. Vauisor*, performed a verie great fight, and stayd two houres as neere the *Reuenge* as the wether wold permit him, not forsaking the fight, till hee was like to be encom-

passed by the squadrons, and with great difficultie cleared himselfe. The rest gaue diuers voleis of shot, and entred as far as the place permitted and their own necessities, to keep the weather gage of the enemy, vntill they were parted by night. A few daies after the fight was ended, and the English prisoners dispersed into the Spanish and Indy ships, there arose so great a storme from the West and Northwest, that all the Fleet was dispersed, as well the Indian fleet which were then come vnto them as the rest of the Armada that attended their arriuall, of which 14. saile together with the *Reuenge*, and in her 200. Spaniards, were cast away vpon the Isle of S. *Michaels*. So it pleased them to honor the buriall of that renowned ship the *Reuenge*, not suffering her to perish alone, for the great honour she achieved in her life time. On the rest of the Ilandes there were cast away in this storme, 15. or 16. more of the ships of war; and of a hundred and odde saile of the Indie fleet, expected this yeere, in *Spaine*, what in this tempest, and what before in the Bay of *Mexico*, and about the *Bermudas* there were 70. and odde consumed and lost, with those taken by our ships of London, besides one verie rych *Indian* shippe, which set her selfe on fire, beeing boorded by the Pilgrim, and fve other taken by Maister *Watts* his ships of London, between the *Hauana* and *Cape S.*

Antonio. The 4. of this month of Nouember, we receiued letters from the *Tercera*, affirming yt there are 3000. bodies of men remaining in that Iland, saued out of the perished ships: and that by the Spaniards own confession, there are 10000. cast away in this storm, besides those that are perished betweene the Ilands and the maine. Thus it hath pleased God to fight for vs, and to defend the iustice of our cause, against the ambitious and bloody pretenses of the Spaniard, who seeking to deuour all nations, are themselues deuoured. A manifest testimonie how iniust and displeasing, their attempts are in the sight of God, who hath pleased to witnes by the successe of their affaires, his mislike of their bloody and iniurious designes, purposed and practised against all Christian Princes, ouer whom they seeke vnlawfull and vngodly rule and Empery.

One day or two before this wrack hapned to the spanish fleet, when as some of our prisoners desired to be set on shore vpon the Ilands, hoping to be from thense transported into England, which libertie was formerly by the Generall promised: One *Morice Fitz Iohn*, sonne of old *Iohn of Desmond*, a notable traitor, cousen german to the late Earle of *Desmond*, was sent to the English from ship to ship, to persuaade them to serue the King of *Spaine*, The arguments he vsed to induce them, were these. The increase of pay

which he promised to bee trebled : aduancement to the better sort : and the exercise of the true Catholicke religion, and safetie of their soules to all. For the first, euen the beggerly and vn-natural behauiour of those English and Irish rebels, that serued the King in that present action, was sufficient to answere that first argument of rich paie. For so poore and beggerly they were, as for want of apparel they striped their poore country men prisoners, out of their ragged garments, worne to nothing by six months seruice, and spared not to despoile them euen of their bloudie shirts, from their wounded bodies, and the very shooes from their feete ; A notable testimonie of their rich entertainment and great wages. The second reason was hope of aduancement if they serued well, and would continue faithfull to the King. But what man can be so blockishly ignorant euer to expect place or honour from a forraine king, hauing no argument or perswasion then his owne disloyaltie ; to bee vnnatural to his owne countrie that bredde him ; to his parents that begat him, and rebellious to his true prince, to whose obedience he is bound by othe, by nature, by religion. No, they are onely assured to be imployed in all desperate enterprises, to be held iu scorne and disdaine euer among those whom they serue. And that euer traitor was either trusted or aduanced I could

neuer yet reade, neither can I at this time remember any example. And no man could haue lesse becommend the place of an Orator for such a purpose, then this *Morice of Desmond*. For the Earle his cosen being one of the greatest subiects in that kingdom of *Ireland*, hauing almost whole contries in his possession; so many goodly manners, Castles, and Lordships; the Count Palatine of *Kerry*, fiae hundred gentlemen of his owne name and familie to follow him, besides others. All which he possessed in peace for three or foure hundred yeares: was in lesse then three yeares after his adhering to the Spaniards and rebellion, beaten from all his holdes, and not so many as ten gentlemen of his name left liuing, him selfe taken and beheaded by a souldiour of his owne nation, and his land giuen by a Parliament to her Maiestie, and possessed by the English. His other Cosen Sir *John of Desmond* taken by M. *John Zouch*, and his body hanged ouer the gates of his natiue citie to bee deuoured by Rauens: the third brother of Sir *James* hanged, drawne, and quartered in the same place. If he had withall vaunted of this successe of his owne house, no doubt the argument woulde haue moued much, and wrought great effect; which because he for that present forgot, I thought it good to remember in his behalfe. For matter of religion it would require a particular volume, if I should set downe

how irreligiously they couer their greedy and ambitious pretences, with that vayle of pietie. But sure I am, that there is no kingdom or common wealth in all Europe, but if they bee reformed, they then inuade it for religion sake: if it be, as they terme Catholike, they pretende title; as if the Kinges of *Castile* were the naturall heires of all the worlde: and so betweene both, no kingdom is vnsought. Where they dare not with their ownè forces to inuade, they basely entertaine the traitors and vacabondes of all nations; seeking by those and by their runnagate *Iesuits* to win partes, and haue by that meane ruined many Noble houses and others in this land, and haue extinguished both their liues and families. What good, honour or fortune euer man yet by them achiued, is yet vnheard of, or vnwritten. And if our English Papistes do but looke unto *Portugall*, against whom they haue no pretence of religion, how the Nobilitie are put to death, imprisoned, their rich men made a pray, and all sortes of people captiued; they shall find that the obedience euen of the Turke is easie and a libertie, in respect of the slauerie and tyrannie of *Spain*. What they haue done in *Sicill*, in *Naples*, *Millayne*, and in the low countries; who hath there beene spared for religion at all? And it commeth to my remembrance of a certaine Burger of *Antuerpe*, whose house being entred by a companie

of Spanish souldiers, when they first sacked the Citie, hee besought them to spare him and his goodes, being a good Catholike, and one of their own partie and faction. The Spaniardes answered, that they knew him to be of a good conscience for him selfe, but his money, plate, iewels, and goodes were all hereticall, and therfore good prize. So they abused and tormented the foolish Flemming, who hoped that an *Agnus Dei* had beene a sufficient Target against all force of that holie and charitable nation. Neither haue they at any time as they protest inuaded the kingdomes of the *Indies* and *Pernu*, and els where, but onely led thereunto, rather, to reduce the people to Christianitie, then for either golde or emperie. When as in one onely Iland called *Hispaniola*, they haue wasted thirtie hundred thousand of the naturall people, besides manie millions els in other places of the *Indies*: a poore and harmelesse people created of God, and might haue beene won to his knowledge, as many of them were, and almost as manie as euer were perswaded thereunto. The Storie whereof is at large written by a Bishop of their owne nation called *Bartholome de las Casas*, and translated into English and manie other languages, intituled *The Spanish cruelties*. Who would therefore repose trust in such a nation of rauinous straungers, and especially in those Spaniardes which more greedily thirst

after English blood, then after the liues of anie other people of Europe; for the manie ouerthrowes and dishonours they haue receiued at our handes, whose weaknesse we haue discovered to the world, and whose forces at home, abroad, in *Europe*, in *India*, by sea and land; we haue euen with handfulls of men and shippes, ouerthrowne and dishonoured. Let not therefore anie English man of what religion soeuer, haue other opinion of the Spaniards, but that those whom hee seeketh to winne of our nation, hee esteemeth base and traitorous, vnworthie persons, or vnconstant fooles: and that he vseth his pretence of religion, for no other purpose, but to bewitch vs from the obedience of our naturall prince; thereby hoping in time to bring vs to slauerie and subiection, and then none shall be vnto them so odious, and disdained as the traitours themselues, who haue solde their countrie to a straunger, and forsaken their faith and obedience contrarie to nature or religion; and contrarie to that humane and generall honour, not onely of Christians, but of heathen and irreligious nations, who haue alwaies sustained what labour soeuer, and embraced euen death it selfe, for their countrie, prince or commonwealth. To conclude, it hath euer to this day pleased God, to prosper, and defend her Maiestie, to breake the purposes of malicious enimies, of foresworne traitours, and of iniust practises and

inuasions. She hath euer beene honoured of the worthiest Kinges, serued by faithfull subiects, and shall by the fauour of God, resist, repell, and confound all whatsoeuer attempts against her sacred Person or Kingdome. In the meane time, let the Spaniard and traitour vaunt of their successe; and we her true and obedient vassals guided by the shining light of her vertues, shall alwaies loue her, serue her, and obey her to the end of our liues.

END OF VOL. I.







Bibliotheca Curiosa. 21

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AND

The Death of
Sir Richard Grenville.

(A.D. 1591.)

RELATED BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH, SIR
RICHARD HAWKINS, JAN HUYGEN VAN
LINSCHOTEN, LORD BACON, AND
SIR W. MONSON.

TOGETHER WITH

THE MOST HONORABLE TRAGEDIE
OF SIR RICHARD GRINUILE,
KNIGHT,

BY

GERVASE MARKHAM.

(1595.)

TO WHICH IS ADDED

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(Circa 1543.)

Edited by EDMUND GOLDSMID, F.R.H.S.,
F.S.A. (Scot.)

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PRIVATELY PRINTED, EDINBURGH.

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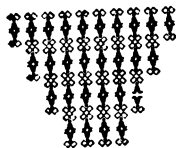
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THE
Most Honourable Tra-
gedie of Sir Richard
Grinuile, Knight.

(.:.)

*Bramo assai, poco spero,
nulla chieggio.*



At London,
Printed by I. Roberts,
for Richard Smith.
1595.



To the Right Honorable
his singuler good Lord,
Charles, Lord
Montioy.



HE zeale (most excellent Lord)
which in my soule hath euer beene
devoted to your seruice, intangl'd
with your honourable fauours to
mine vnable deseruings, hath
giuen fier to my hart, and wings
to my youngling Muse, to raise her leaden humor
aboue the ordinarie pitch of her dull Anthems,
and sing of a subiect, the height of whose action,
might, if I had might, make my verse most
mightie, graunt then (renowned Lord) that thine
eyes may lighten on my layes, and thy graces
keepe from scandall my poore wydowed Orphan:
pyttie renowned Grinuile, in his death-renowning
hower, and excuse his rough Poet, whose sences
are vnshapt, for more softer melodie, so shall hee
liue happie, and I vnfaultie; both satisfied.

Your Lordships eternally,

Ieruis Markham.

To the Right Honorable,
Robert, Earle of Sussex.



GREAT Lord, to whom infinitiues of
 fame
 Flock like night starres about the
 siluer Moone,
 That giuest new fier to learnings
 late quencht flame,
 Sauing the Muse by stonie times vndoone,
 Let me finde fauour in thine honord sight,
 Daring my rimes vnto thy sacred hand :
 And whilst their accents talke of valures might,
 Yeeld them some splendour from thy valures
 brand,
 Thou in their lines, they in thine eyes shall see,
 Nothing but honors vncontrouled minde,
 Thou lending, they exacting still from thee,
 Substance, that might to mightines doth blinde,
 And for his sake whose praise my Muse hath
 sought
 Fauour my worke, the image of thy thought.
 I. M.



To the right Honorable,
 Henrie Wriothesly, Earle of
 South-hampton,
and Baron of Titchfelde.



THOU glorious Laurell at the Muses
 hill,
 Whose eyes doth crowne the
 most victorious pen,
 Bright Lampe of Vertue, in whose
 sacred skill,
 Liues all the blisse of eares-inchaunting men,
 From grauer subiects of thy graue assayes,
 Bend thy coragious thoughts vnto these lines,
 The graue from whence mine humble Muse doth
 raise,
 True honors spirit in her rough deseignes:
 And when the stubborne stroke of my harsh
 song,
 Shall seasonlesse glide through almightie eares,
 Vouchsafe to sweet it with thy blessed tong,
 VVhose wel tun'd sound stills musick in the
 sphears,
 So shall my tragick layes be blest by thee,
 And from thy lips suck their eternitie.

I. M.

To the honorable Knight,
Sir Edward Wingfield.



HEN *Alexander* read *Achilles*
 prayse,
 VVith honours enuie, and a loftie
 hart,
 He shed stout teares, in ruth of
 stonie dayes

VVhich to his acts no Musicke could impart,

So all my all, essence of what I am,

Though our *Achilles* praise play in thine eye,

Feare not records for thine inrouled name,

VVhich shall out-liue immortall Poesie,

A thousand Sirens in the worlds last age,

Shall sing of thee, thy valure, and thy skill,

And to their lines, lay Angells eares in gage,

VVith soueraign charmes sent from a soueraigne
 quill;

Meane while, vouchsafe to grace my worke
 and me,

Gracing the soule beloued of heauen and thee.

I. M.

The argument of the Tragedie.



SIR Richard *Grinville*, lying at anchor neere vnto *Flores*, one of the westerlie Ilands of the *Azores*, the last of August in the after noone, had intelligence by one Captayne *Midelton* of the aproch of the Spanish *Armada*, beeing in number fiftie three saile of great ships, and fiftene thousand men to man them. Sir *Richard*, staying to recouer his men which were vpon the Iland, and disdayning to flie from his Countries enemy, not beeing able to recouer the winde, was instantlie inuironed with that hudge Nauie, betweene whom began a dreadfull fight, continuing the space of fiftene howers, in which conflict, Sir *Richard* sunck the great *San Philip* of *Spaine*, the *Ascension* of *Siuel*, the Admirall of the *Hulks*, and two other great *Armados*; about midnight Sir *Richard* receiued a wound through the bodie, and as he was in dressing, was shot againe into the head, and his Surgion slaine. Sir *Richard* mayntained the fight, till he had not one corne of powder left, nor one whole pike, nor fortie lyuing men; which

seeing, hee would have sunke his owne ship, but that was gaine-stood by the Maister thereof, who contrarie to his will came to composition with the *Spanyards*, and so saued those which were left aliue. Sir *Richard* dyed aboard the Admyrall of *Spayne*, about the fourth day after the battaile, and was mightilie bewaild of all men.





**The most Honourable Tragedie
of Sir Richard
Grinulle, Knight.**

To the fayrest.



HEAUENLIE fier is crope into
my braine,
A heate diuine and all celestially,
A burning furie spreads throug
euery vaine,
A turret-climbing thought maies-

tically,

All these infuse a spirit-giuing raine,
Vnto my humble wits great festiuall.

Whose reede vnpleasing hermonie hath found,
Thus to transforme her into warlike sound.

Of wonders, miracles, and famous chivalrie,
Of Honours Image, and of Vertues iarres,
(Things past beliefe, yet pure in certaintie)
Of Death dead-slaine by Death, of glorious
scarres,

Of mortall, made immortall Dietie,
 And all containd in Valures staineless warres,
 My homelie Muse stretching her oaten string,
 Vnlearn't to thunder, mildlie meanes to sing.

Rest thee dread boy, the nights eternall Lord,
 Faire feathered *Cupid* thy *Licenas* ioy,
 Of thy tryumphant Chariot richlie stord,
 VVith bleeding hearts that bleathing sighes destroy,
 Nor thee, nor of thy kingdome I record,
 Nor louers teares, nor loue, nor loues annoy.

Nor ought that in the vast world may be
 found.

Where tears in sighes, and sighes in tears
 are drown'd.

Fit subiects those for Poets golden quills,
 Such as haue trod the true *Pierian* race,
 VVhose sacred braines those sacred numbers tun'd
 distills,

VVhich giues conceit the child of heauen her grace.
 But now this flame that all my bodie fills,
 Is *Englands* weeping ioy, and *Spaynes* disgrace.

Fearfull alarums, and the wet worlds sacke,
 Swells in my song, the Dirge for glories
 wracke.

To thee faire Nymph, my loue, my life, my gaze,
 My soules first mouer, essence of my blisse,
 Thought-chast *Dictinna*, Natures onlie maze,

Heaven of all what euer heauenlie is,
 More white then *Atlas* browe, or *Pelops* blaze,
 Compleat perfection which all creatures misse.

More louelie then was bright *Astioche*,
 Or *Iunos* hand-mayd sacred *Diope*.

To thee which neuer lifts thine eyes to heaven,
 But harts of Kings are showred in the same,
 Fairer then Sunne, Moone, Starres, or Planets
 seauen,

True brand of Vertue, Honours liuing flame,
 O thou whom hate adors, whose praise is euen
 Matcht with the glories of the greatest name,
 Thou like thyselfe, or better much by ods,
 Nere made without a Parliament of Gods.

To thee this labour of my Sunne-burnt braine,
 Ill limn'd memorials of diuine rage,
 I offer as oblations to detaine,
 Thy life-inspiring sight, (my peaces gage)
 From those celestiall mirrors which remaine,
 Objects made happie in thy lookes suffrage,
 Of *Grinuile*, armes and honours soueraigne,
 My sower Muse shapes this Nectar seeking
 straine.

Euen of that man and his almightie minde,
 Boundlesse like heauen in magnanimitie,
 Conuerting all things of what euer kinde,
 VVithin his bodie held societie,

To glad-some starres in cleerest skyes assign'd,
Wanting but onely true eternitie.

Of him I sing, (*Fayrest*) but reade I pray.

Thine eyes makes happy, all y^t thine eyes
suruay.

And with her thou great Soueraigne of the earth,
Onelie immatchlesse Monarchesse of harts,
From whose faire eyes issued the Muses birth,
Murderd by Iron-age, and barb'rous darts,
Yeeld from thy beams plentie to my wits dearth,
That I may sing valures almightie parts,

And Chronicle those tropheys to thy throne,
VWhich from this Ile, and his great spyrit
shone.

And thou deare *Soule*, the portraiture of Fame,
For whom *Ioue* made a newe fourth Hirarchie,
Of whose lost drops millions of vertues came,
Extold in heauen beyond the third degree,
Now giue thy selfe a light in this selfe flame,
That thou maist liue beyond posteritie ;

And whilst I of th' vnconquered conquest
write,
Sit on my hand and teach me to indite.





The Tragedy of Sir Richard Grinulle.



HAT time of yeare when the
inamored Sunne
Clad in the richest roabes of
liuing fiers,
Courtet ye Virgin signe, great
Natures Nunne,

Which barrains earth of al what earth desires
Euen in the month that from *Augustus* wonne,
His sacred name which vnto heauen aspires,
And on the last of his ten trebled days,
VVhen wearie labour new refresh assayes.

Then when the earth out-brau'd ye beautilous
Morne,

Boasting his cornie Mantle stird with aire,
Which like a golden Ocean did adorne,
His cold drie carcasse, featurelesse, vnfaire,
Holding the naked shearers scithe in scorne,
Or ought that might his borrowed pride empaire,
The soule of vertue seeing earth so ritch,
VVith his deare presence gilds the sea as
mitch.

The sea, which then was heauie, sad, and still,
 Dull, vnapplyed to sportiue wantonnesse,
 As if her first-borne *Venus* had beene ill,
 Or *Neptune* seene the *Sonne* his loue possesse,
 Or greater cares, that greatest comforts kill,
 Had crowned with grieffe, the worlds wet wilder-
 nesse,
 Such was the still-foote *Thetis* silent paine,
 Whose flowing teares, ebbing fell backe
 again.

Thetis, the mother of the pleasant springs,
 Brindam of all the Riuers in the world,
 To whom earths veins their moistning tribut
 brings,
 Now with a mad disturbed passion hurld,
 About her caue (the worlds great treasure) flings:
 And with wreath'd armes, and long wet hairs
 uncurld,
 Within her selfe laments a losse vnlost,
 And mones her wrongs, before her ioyes be
 crost.

Thus whilst diuining sorrowe ceaz'd her hart,
Trinuile (ô melt my spyrit in that name,)
 As sings the Swan her funerall depart,
 And waues her wings, the ensignes of her fame,
 So he, with vertue sweetning bitter smart,
 Which from the seas long toying seruice came:

For why, sixe Moones, and so oft times the
 Sunne
 Was past, and had one halfe the signes ore-
 runne,

Ere he the earth, our common Mother saw ;
 Now earlie greets black *Flores* banefull Ile,
 (*Flores*, from whence afflictions selfe doth draw
 The true memorialls of a weeping stile ;)
 And with *Caisters* Querristers which straw
 Descant, that might Death of his darts beguile,
 He tunes saluting notes, sweeter then long,
 All which are made his last liues funerall song.

Skillesse in deaths great Parliament he calls
 His fellowe mat's, and minions to his fame,
 Shewes them long lookt for land, and how it
 brauls,

Repulsing backe the billowes as they came,
 Much he triumphes, and passed griefe for-stals
 With present ioy (sorrow lights pleasures flame :)
 And whilst his hopes of *Happy-Fortune* sings,
Misfortune by, controls them with her wings.

Desir'd reliefe, and euer welcome rest,
 The elements that forme the wearie man,
 Began to hold a counsaile in his brest,
 Painting his wants by sicknes pale and wan ;
 With other griefes, that others force opprest,
 Aduising stay, (as what is but they can,)

Whilst he that fate to come, and past, nere feard
Concludes to stay till strength decayd repaire

Then casts he Anchor hulling on the maine,
And all his shyps poore Cittizens recounts,
And hundred iust were free from sicknes paine,
Fourscore and ten death their redress accounts,
So that of all both sicke and sound vnslaine,
Vnto two hundred wanting ten amounts.

A slender armie for so great a guide,
But vertue is vnknowne till it be tride.

Those whom their harts enabled to attempt,
He puts a shoare to make supplie for neede;
Those whom long sicknes taught of death contempt,
He visits, and from *Ioues* great Booke doth reede
The balme which mortall poysen doth exempt;
Those whom new breathing health like sucklings
feed,

Hie to the sands, and sporting on the same,
Finde libertie, the liues best liuing flame.

Looke how a troope of Winter-prisoned Dames,
Pent in th' inclosure of the walled townes,
Welcoms the Spring, Vsher to Somers flames,
Making their Pastimes in the flowrie downes,
Whose beauteous Arras wrought in natures frames,
Through eyes admire, the hart with wonder crownes,
So the wood-walled cittizens at sea,
Welcome both Spring and Sommer in a day.

The warring byllowes, seas artillerie,
With long held siege, had bruz'd their beaten
keele,

Which to repaire the most, most busied be,
Lab'ring to cure, what want in labours feele;
All pleas'd with toyle, clothing extremitie
In Hopes best robes, that hang on Fortunes
wheele

But men, are men, in ignorance of Fate,
To alter chaunce, exceedeth humaine state.

For when the Sun, towred in heauens head,
Downe from the siluer mountaine of the skye,
Bent his bright Chariot on the glassie bed,
Faire christall, guilded with his glorious eye,
Fearing some usurpation in his stead,
Or least his Loue should too-long daliance spy
Tweene him and *Virgo*, whose attractiue face,
Had newly made him leaue the *Lions* chase.

In that same myd-daies hower came sayling in,
A thought-swift-flying Pynnase, taught by winde,
T' outstrip in flight Times euer flying wing;
And being come where vertue was inshrinde,
First vaild his plumes, and wheeling in a ring,
With Goat-like dauncing, stays where *Grinuile*
shynd,

The while his great Commaunder calls the
name,

Which is ador'd of all that speakes the same.

The great Commaunder of this little Barke,
Which like an Eglet armes the Eagles side,
Was *Midleton*, the ayme of Honors marke,
That more had prou'd then danger durst haue
tride,

Now seeing all good fortunes sun-shine darke,
Thrise calls Sir *Richard*, who as oft replyde,
 Bidding him speake, and ring his newes
 aloude,
 Ill, not apald, nor good could make him
 proude.

O then (quoth *Midleton*) thou soule of all
What euer boasts in magnanimitie,
Thou, whom pure Vertue her best part doth call,
Better then valure, stronger then dietie,
Whom men adore, and all the gods exhall
Into the bookes of endlesse memorie,
 I bring thee tidings of a deadly fray,
 Begun in Heauen, to end vpon the Sea.

The glorious Senate of the Skyes was set,
And all the gods were royaliz'd in state,
When *Happy-fortune* and *Ill-fortune* met,
Striuing who first should enter Heauen's gate,
The one made mad the others fame to let,
Neither but stirr'd with rage to wonder at,
 Confusedly, as water floods doe passe
 Their common bounds, such their rude
 entrance was.

The gods disturb'd, admire their strange aproch,
 Censuring their angers by their gloing eyes,
Ill-fortune was attended by *Reproch*,
Good-fortune, *Fame*, and *Vertue* stellesies;
 One sweares the other doth her right incroch,
 Which is the elder house, none can deuise:
 The gods deuide, yet in the end agree
 The Fates shall iudge each others pedigree.

Good-Fortune, drawes from heauen her hye descent
 Making hie *Ioue* the roote of her large tree;
 She shoves from him, how many god-heads went
Archangells, *Angells*, heauens posteritie:
 From thence, she shows the glorious thrird she lent
 To *Monarks*, *Emperours*, and *Kyngs* in fee,
 Annexing as Colatteralls to her line,
 Honour, *Vertue*, *Valure*, and *Endles-time*.

Naithlesse, *Ill-fortune* will be elder borne,
 Shee saith, she springs from *Saturne*, *Ioue*
 wronged Sier,
 And heauen, and earth, and hell her coate hau
 borne,
 Fresh bleeding harts within a field of fier;
 All that the world admires, she makes her scorne
 Who farthest seemes, is to *Ill-fortune* nier,
 And that iust prooffe may her great prais
 commend,
 All that *Best-chaunce* begins, *Ill-chaunce* dot
 ende.

Thus they dispute, gilding their tongues report
With instances, and argumental sawes,
Ill-fortune, bids let all the worlde resort,
And show within their Chronicles and lawes,
The man whose liues-line neuer did consort,
With sharpe affliction, deaths first grounded cause,
Then will she yeeld, else, is shee victor still.
Worlds good is rare, perpetuall is their ill.

Euen as the racket takes the balls rebound,
So doth *Good-fortune* catch *Ill-fortunes* proofe,
Saying, she wil her in her selfe confound,
Making her darts, Agents for her behoofe ;
Bow but thine eies (quoth she) whence ha'ts abound,
And I will show thee vnder heauens rooffe
Th' vnconquered man whom no mischaunce
importunes.
Crown of my kingdom, deaths man to mis-
fortunes.

At this, the casments of the skye broke ope,
Discouering all what's girdled in her frame,
Whilst *Happy-fortune* through her eyes large scope
Like a Cosmographer comments on the same ;
Three parts with praise she past and future hope,
Then to the fourth, the Western world she came,
And there, with her eyes festrawe paints a
storie,
Stranger then strange, more glorified then
glorie.

See (sayd *Faire-fortune*, to her soule shapt *Foe*)
 How on the scourge that beates against the Ile
 Of *Flores*, whence they curst oblations growe,
 A winde-taught capring ship which ayre beguiles,
 (Making poore *Cephalus* for-lorne with woe,
 Curse arte, which made arte framed saile such
 smiles)

Richlie imbrodred with the Iems of warre,
 In thy dispight commaunds a lucky starre.

In that faire vessel liues my garlands flower,
Grinuile, my harts immortall arterie ;
 Of him thy deitie had neuer power,
 Nor hath hee had of grieve one simparchie ;
 Successe attends him, all good hap doth shower
 A golden raine of perpetuities

Into his bossome, where mine Empire stands,
 Murdring the Agents of thy blacke commands.

Say, and say true, (for what but thou wilt say,)
 That euer *Grinuils* fortunes came before thee ;
 Or euer prostrate at thine Altars lay,
 Or with one wreath of Cipresse did adore thee ?
 Proue one blacke storme in all his Sommers day,
 Whose threatening clouds compeld him to implore
 thee.

Then wil I staine my milkwhite vaile with
 weeping,
 And as thine handmaide dye in sorrowes
 keeping.

As wounds the lightning, yet preserues the
skinne,

So did these words split *Lucklesse-fortunes* hart,
Her smiling *Superficies*, lockt within
A deepe exulcerated festring smart ;
Heere shee perceiu'd her first disgrace begin,
And wordlesse from the heauens takes her depart.
Yet as she flewe, her wings in flying cri'd
On *Grinuile* shall my fame and power be
tride.

At her departure all the heauens were glad,
Triumphing in *Ill-fortunes* banishment,
Apollo set new *Anthems* as *Ioue* bad,
Which spheare tunes made more then most
excellent ;
No light in heauen but with new fier was clad,
Making next *Ioue*, *Good-fortune* president,
Enrowling in the Bookes of destenie,
This memorable famous victorie.

Onely the *Fat's* su'd for her backe repeale,
(For they *Ill-fortune* lou'd exceeding well)
Many her deedes and Tropheis they reueale,
And all her liues blacke legend, weeping tell ;
Yet all they speake, cannot in heauen preuaile,
Which seene, in spight they follow her to hell,
And there inhouised with their mother *Night*,
All foure deuise, how heaven and earth
to spight.

Hence sprang the loues of *Ioue*, the *Sonnes* exile,
The shame of *Mars* and *Venus* in a net ;
Junos forsaken bed ; Saturns compile
Of frantike discontentment, which beset
All heauen with armes ; *Diana* hence had while
To court her sleeping boy ; whilst *Thetis* let
 Phæbus imbrace her in her *Neftunes* stead,
 Who made complaints, breach of his bridall
 bed.

Yet not content with these disparagments,
Much greater mischiefes issues from their minds,
Grinuile, thy mountaine honour it augments
Within their breasts, a Meteor like the winds,
Which thrall'd in earth, a reeling issue rents
With violent motion ; and their wills combinds
 To belch their hat's, vow'd murders of thy
 fame,
 Which to effect, thus they begin the same.

Fast to *Iberia* flies vntoward chauce,
Iberia, which we vulgar Christen *Spaine*,
Vpon whose Sunne-burnt continent doth daunce
Westerne *Ducallidon*, the greatest maine,
Thither shee packs, *Error* doth their aduance
Her coale-blacke standerd in the hands of paine ;
 And as escapt from rauishment or bale,
 With false teares, thus shee tunes a falser tale.

Great Empire (said shee) blessed in thy birth,
Beautious created for-head of this round,

That with thy smiles first lent to heauen mirth,
And bout thy temples all perfections woond,
Lodgd in th' imagin'd corners of the earth ;
Thou whom our centers Monarchesse art crownd,
 Attend my suite, baptisd in mournfull teares,
 Who but ere while triumphed on the spheares.

Nor for my selfe more then thine owne decay
Which blindfold pleasure clouds as they arise,
Be gracious, and retort the domefull daye,
Which thee and me to shame would sacrifice.
Loe, on the great west-walling boisterous sea,
Which doth imbrace thy gold-enclosing eyes,
 Of many sailes one man, of one poore Ile,
 That will my fame, and all thy faire defile.

His numberlesse great infinits of fame,
Haue shut against me heauens great christall
 dore,
The clouds, which once my feets dust had to
 name,
Hang ore my forehead, threatning euermore
Death to my praise, life to my infant shame,
Whilst I with sighes mediate a new restore.

 And in my selfe behold my pleasures past,
 Swimming amongst the ioyes I cannot tast.

Th' ambrosian Nectar-filled banqueting,
No more shall I communicate, or see,
Triumphes in heauen, *Ioues* masks, and reuelling,
Are cleene exempt, both from my ioyes and me.

The reason, for my loue to thee I bring,
Trimming the locks with Iems of dietie,
 Making the gods a dread a fatall day,
 Worse then the Giants warre or Centaurs
 fray.

Poore goddesse, rob'd of all eternall power,
Whose broken Statues, and down razed Fan's,
Neuer warm'd altars, euer forgotten hower
Where any memorie of praise is tane,
Witnes my fall from great *Olympus* tower ;
Prostrate, implore blame for receiued bane,
 And dyre reuenge gainst heauens impietie,
 Which els in shame will make thee follow
 mee.

Behold these robes, maps of my fortunes world,
Torne, and distaind with eye-scornd beggerie ;
These rags deuide the Zones, wherein is hurld
My liues distemprate, hote cold miserie ;
These teares are points, the scale these hair
 vncurld,
My hands the compasse, woe the emperie :
 And these my plaints, true and auricular,
 Are to my Globe the perpendiculer.

Looke how I am, such art thou like to be
If armes preuent not heauens intendiment,
Grinuile, which now surfeits with dignitie,
Burd'ning the Sea with my disparagement ;

Chiding the wanton winds if greedelie
 They kisse his sailes ; or els too slowlie vent,
 Like *Ioue*, which bad the day be and it was,
 So bids he Conquest warre ; she brings to
 passe.

The sole incouragement he giues his power,
 Is Prophet-like presaging of thy death,
 Courage he cries, euen in the dying hower,
 And with his words, recalls departing breath ;
 O (sayes he to his Mat's) you are my glories tower,
 Impregnable, wall'd with vnvanquisht faith,
 You are the hands and agents of my trust,
 I but the hart reuoluing what we must.

Liue Saints, til we haue ript the wombe of *Spayne*,
 And wounded *Error* in the armes of hell,
 Crushing the triple Myter in disdaine,
 Which on ye seauenfold mounted Witch doth
 dwel,

Angells rewards for such dissignes remaine,
 And on heauens face men shall your stories tell ;
 At this they shoute ; as eager of the pray,
 As Ants in winter of a sunne-shine day.

Thus like triumphant *Cesar* drawne in Rome,
 By winged *Valure*, and vnconquered *Chaunce*,
 He plowes the Sea (ô were it made his tombe)
 Whilst *Happy-fortune* pypes vnto his daunce.
 Yet may thy power alternat heauens doome,
 So pleaseth thee thy forward will t'aduance,

And cheare ye sinews of thy mighty arme,
Whose out-strecht force shall quell his proud
alarme.

Then giue newe fuell to his honours fier,
Least slight regard wealth-winning *Error* slay,
And so old *Saturns* happie world retyer,
Making *Trueths* dungion brighter then the day;
Was neuer woe could wound thy kingdom nyer,
Or of thy borrowed beautie make display,
Because this vow in heauens booke doth
remaine,
That *Errors* death shall consumate thy raigne.

Now, for my god-heads remnant liues in thee,
Whose lost successe breeds mine eternall end,
Take for thine ayde, afflicting *Miserie*,
Woe, mine attendant, and *Dispayre* my freend,
All three my greatest great *Triumuerie*,
Blood-bath'd *Carnifici*, which will protend
A murdring desolation to that will,
Which me in thee, and thee in mee would kill.

Here, with her fixed Comet-blazing eyes,
The damned *Augurs* of vntimely death,
Shee ends her tale, whilst from her harts caue flies
A storme of winds, no gentle sighing breath,
All which, like euill spirits in disguise,
Enter *Iberias* eares, and to her sayth,
That all the substance of this damned storie,
Was zealous true, coyned for her *Spanish* glorie.

Sworne to beleue, for ill, in ill assies,
Spayne then enamour'd with the *Romane* trull,
 Calls all her forces, more then Atomies,
 And tells *Ill-fortunes* storie to the full ;
 Many Parentheses shee doth deuise,
 And frost-relenting words doth choycely cull,
 Bewitching those whom oft shee had deceiued,
 With such like Hemlock as her selfe receiued.

The first and greatest one, commaunding all,
 The soule of mischiefes old created mother,
 Was *Don Alphonso Bassan*, proud in brall,
 The Marques *Sancta Cruces* onely brother :
 Him shee coniures by typ's emperiall,
 And all that falshoods seeming trueth could
 couer,
 To vndertake this hie (she termed it) act,
 Which craues a curse of all that reads the
 fact.

Her selfe (shee said) and all the flowers of *Spayne*,
 Should vnder his, as heauens Ensigne warre :
 Thus from her harts foule dunhill flyes amaine
 Grosse vapours, metamorphosd to a starre ;
 Her words in fumes like prodogies retaine
 His hart, by her tongues witchcraft bound so
 farre,
 As what shee will, that will hee vnder-take,
 Be it to warre with heauen for her sake.

The seeming Nectar of her poysoning speech,
 So well shee saw surprise his licoras sence,
 That for to reare her ill beyonds ill's reach,
 With selfe-like tropes, decks self-like eloquence,
 Making in *Britain Dona* such a breach,
 That her arm'd wits, conqu'ring his best wits
 sence,

 He vows with *Bassan* to defende the broile,
 Which men of praise, and earth of fame shal
 spoil.

To him shee giues the *Biscaynnos* for guard,
 Mechanicall Artificers for death,
 And those which of affliction neuer hard,
 Shee tempers with the hammer of her breath :
 To euery act shee giues huge lyp-reward,
 Lauish of oathes, as falshood of her faith ;
 And for the ground of her pretended right,
 T'is hate, which enuies vertue in a Knight.

These two to her fast bound in vassailage,
 Vnto the Marques *Arumburch* shee flyes,
 Him shee prouokes, him shee finds apt to rage,
 Imprisoning Pitties teares in flintie eyes ;
 To him the power of *Siuill* for a gage
 Shee doth bequeath ; bidding his prowess ryse,
 And clense his Countries face from widowes
 tears,
 To which he posts, like lightning from the
 sphears.

astly, to make vp mischiefes perfect square,
 'o *Luis Cutino* shee takes her flight,
 him shee commaunds, he to her homage sware
 to guide a Nauie to this damned fight,
 f Hulks and Fly-boats such as durst to dare.
 hee giues him soueraine rule, and publike
 right,
 And then vniting all foure powers in one,
 Sends them to sea, to calme *Misfortunes*
 mone.

nd now behold (diuine for valiancie)
 like flying Castells sayle they to this strand,
 iftie three saile, strong in artillarie,
 est men of warre knowne in the *Spanish* land ;
 ifteene Armados, Kings of soueraigntie,
 Which led the lesser with a mightie hand :
 And these in foure battalions hither flie,
 VVith whom three dayes I sailed in companie.

hen gentle *Grinuile*, *Thetis* parramoure,
 earer than *Venus*, Daughter of the flood,
 et sailes to wind, let not neglect deuoure
 thy gracious fortunes and thine Angell goode,
 ut through the maine, compell thy keele to scoure,
 Jo man his ill too timelie hath with-stoode
 And when *Best-chaunce* shal haue repaire thy
 fortune,
 Time for this flight may iust reuenge im-
 portune.

Here *Midelton* did end the passing peale
VVhich gaue the warning to a dismall end,
And as his words last knell began to faile,
This damned Nauie did a glimmering send,
By which *Sir Richard* might their power reueale,
VVhich seeming conquerlesse did conquests lend :

At whose appearance *Midelton* did cry,
See where they come, for fame and pittie flie.

This certaine story, of too certaine ill,
Did not extinguish, but gaue honour fier,
Th' amazing prodigie, (bane of my quill,)
Bred not astonishment, but a strong desier,
By which this heauen-adopted Knights strong
will,

Then hiest height of Fame, flew much more hier :
And from the boundlesse greatnes of his
minde,
Sends back this answer through his lyps
refin'd.

Thanks hardie *Midelton* for thy dilate,
Perswasieue presage to auoyde my death,
But if thou wed my fortunes with my state,
This sauing health shall suffocate my breath,
To flye from them that holds my God in hate,
My Mistres, Countrey, me, and my sworne fayth,
VVere to pull of the load from *Typhons* back,
And crush my selfe, with shame and seruille
wrack.

Nor if my hart degenerate should yeeld,
To entertaine an amorus thought of life,
And so transport mine honour to the field,
VWhere seeming valure dies by cowards knife,
Yet zeale and conscience shall new forces build,
And others soules, with my soule holdeth strife ;
For halfe my men, and all that draw sound
breath,
Are gone on shore, for foode to conquer
death.

If I forsake them, certaine is their end,
If I obtaine them, doubtfull is our fall,
Vpon my flight, shame and their sacks depend,
Vpon my stay, hope of good hap doth call,
Equall to me, the meanest I commend ;
Nor will I loose, but by the losse of all :
They are the sinewes of my life and fame,
Dismembred bodies perish cripple-lame.

This sayd, he sends a cock-boate to the shore,
To summon backe his men vnto their ship,
Who com'd a board, began with some vpror
To way their Anchors, and with care to dip
Their hie reuolues in doubt, and euermore,
To paint deaths visage with a trembling lip,
Till he that was all fearelesse, and feare
slew,
VVith Nectard words from them all dangers
drew.

When *Midelton* saw *Grinuills* hie reuolue,
 Past hope, past thought, past reach of al^l
 aspire,

Once more to moue him flie he doth resolute,
 And to that purpose tips his tongue with fier;
 Fier of sweete words, that easelie might dissolve
 And moisten flint, though steeld in stiffe attire,
 Had not desier of wonder praise, and fame,
 Extinkt the sparks, and still keepe dead the
 flame.

Greater, and better then inarked he,
 Which in the worlds huge deluge did suruiue,
 O let thy wings of magnanimitie,
 Not vainlie flatter, *Honour* to acchiue,
 Gainst all conceit impossibilitie,
 By which thou murderst *Vertue*, keepe aliue,
 Nor in thy seeking of diuinitie,
 Kill not heauens fame by base mortalitie.

O *Grinuile* thou hast red Philosophy
 Nature and Arte hath made thee excellent,
 And what thou read'st, hath grafted this in
 thee,
 That to attempt hie dangers euident
 Without constraint or neede, is infamie,
 And honor turnes to rashnes in th'euent;
 And who so darrs, not caring how he darrs,
 Sells vertues name, to purchase foolish
 starrs.

Deere Knight, thou art not forst to hazard fame,
Heauens haue lent thee meanes to scape thine ill,
If thou abide, as true as is thy name,
So truly shall thy fault, thy death fulfill :
And as to loue the life for vertues flame,
Is the iust act of a true noble will,
 So to contemne it, and her helps exclude,
 Is baseness, rashness, and no *Fortitude*.

He that compard mans bodie to an hoast,
Sayd that ye hands werescouts, discovering harmes,
The feete were horsemen, thundring on the coast,
The brest, and stomacke, footmen, huge in swarmes.
But for the head, in soueraigntie did boast,
It Captayne was, director of alarms,
 VVhose rashness, if it hazarded an ill,
 Not hee alone but all the hoast did spill.

Rash *Isadas*, the *Lacedemon* Lord,
That naked fought against the *Theban* power,
Although they crown'd his valure by accord,
Yet was hee find for rashness in that hower :
And those which most his carelesse praise affoord,
Did most condemne what follie did deuoure ;
 For in attempting, prowesse is not ment,
 But wiselie doing what we doe attempt.

Then sith t'is valure to abandon fight,
And base to darre, where no hope is to winne,
(Renowned man, of all renowne the light)
Hoyst vp thy sailes, delay attractts thy sinne,

Flie from ill-boding starres with all thy might,
Vnto thy hart let praise and pittie in.

This sayd, and more desirous much to crie,
Sir *Richard* stayd him, with this rich replie.

Captayne, I praise thy warlike eloquence,
And sober Axioms of Philosophie,
But now's no time for schoole points difference,
When Deaths blacke Ensigne threatens miserie;
Yet for thy words sound of such consequence,
Making flight praise, and fight pale obloquie,
Once ere I die, Ile clense my wits from rust,
And proue my flying base, my stay most iust.

Whence shall I flie? from refuge of my fame,
From whom? euen from my Countreis mortall foe.
Whither? but to the dungeon of my shame,
Why shall I flie? for feare of happie woe,
What end of flight? to saue vile life by blame,
Who ist that flies? *Grinuile*? Captayne no,
T'is *England* flies, faire Ile of happines,
And true diuine *Elizas* holynes.

Shall them my lifes regard taynt that choice faire?
First will I perrish in this liquid round,
Neuer shall Sunne-burnt *Spanyards* tongue en-
deare

Iberian eares with what shall me confound,
The life I haue, I for my Mistris beare,
Curst were that life, should it her scepter wound,

And trebble cursed be that damned thought,
Which in my minde hath any sayntnes
wrought.

Now, for Philosophie defends thy theame,
Euen selfe Philosophie shall arme my stile,
Rich buskin'd *Seneca*, that did declaime,
And first in *Rome* our tragicke pompe compile,
Saith, *Fortitude* is that which in extreme
And certaine hazard all base feares exile:
It guides, saith he, the noble minde from
farre,
Through frost, and fier, to conquer honors
warre.

Honie-tongd *Tullie*, Mermaid of our eares,
Affirmes no force, can force true *Fortitude*,
It with our bodies, no communion beares,
The soule and spyrit, sole doth it include ;
It is that part of honestie which reares
The hart to heauen, and euer doth obtrude
Faint feare, and doubt, still taking his delight
In perrills, which exceed all perrills might.

Patience, *Perseuerance*, *Greatnes*, and *Strong Trust*,
These pages are to *Fortitude* their King,
Patience that suffers, and esteemeth iust
What euer woe, for vertue fortunes bring ;
Perseuerance, holds constant what we must,
Greatnes, that still effects the greatest thing,

And armed *Trust*, which neuer can dispaire,
But hopes good hap; how euer fatall deare.

The Roman *Sergius*, hauing lost his hand,
Slew with one hand foure in a single fight,
A thing all reason euer did with-stand,
But that bright *Fortitude* spred forth her light.
Pompey, by storme held from *th' Italian* land,
And all his sailors quaking in his sight,
First hoisted saile, and cry'd amidst the strife,
There's neede I goe, no neede to saue my
life.

Agis that guilt the *Lacedemon* streete,
Intending one day battaile with his foes,
By counsaile was repeld, as thing vnmeete,
The enimie beeing ten to one in shoes;
But he reply'd, Tis needfull that his feete
Which many leads, should leade to many bloes:
And one being good, an Armie is for ten
Foes to religion, and known naughty men.

To him that told *Dieneceus*, his foes
Couer'd the Sun with darts and armed speares,
Hee made reply, Thy newes is ioy in woes,
Wee'le in the shadow fight, and conquer feares.
And from the *Polands* words my humor floes,
I care for naught but falling of the Spheares.
Thunder afrights the Infants in the schooles,
And threatnings are the conquerers of fooles.

As these, my case is not so desperate,
And yet, then these, my darre shall be no lesse :
If this in them, for fame was wondred at,
Then this in mee, shall my desiers expresse ;
Neuer shall *Greece*, nor *Rome*, nor Heathen state,
With shining honor, *Albions* shine depresse,
Though their great circuits yeelds their acts
large bounds,
Yet shall they neuer darr for deeper wounds.

And thus resolu'd, deere *Midelton* depart,
Seeke for thy safetie in some better soyle,
Thy stay will be no succour in my smart,
Thy losse will make them boast of better spoyle.
And be assur'd before my last breath part,
Ile make the Sunne, for pittie backe recoyle,
And clothe the sea within a scarlet pale,
Iudge of their death which shall my life exhale.

This ship which now intombs my iealous soule,
Honestlie enuious of aspiring laude,
Is cald *Reuenge*, the scourge which doth controule,
The recreants that *Errors* right applaud,
Shall like her selfe, by name and fame enroule
My spyrits acts, by no *Misfortune* aw'd,
Within eternall Bookes of happie deeds,
Vpon whose notes, immortall Vertue reeds.

Say, if I perrish, t'was mine honours will,
My Countries loue, religion, and my Queene,

And if that enuie glorie in mine ill,
 Say that I dyed, conqu'ring, vnconquered scene.
 Say fiftie three strong shyps could not fulfill,
 Gainst one poore mayden vessell their foule teene,
 But that in spight of death, or miserie,
 She fought, and soyld, and scapt captiuitie.

Replie not *Midellon*, mine eares are clos'd,
 Hie in heauens for-head are my vowes ingrau'd,
 I see the banefull Nauie now disclosd,
 Begon betime, Fate hath thy fortune sau'd ;
 To me good starres were neuer yet opposd,
 Glorie hath crownd me when I glorie crau'd,
 Farwel, and say how euer be my chauce,
 My death at honours wedding learnt to daunce.

This sayd, away sailes *Midellon* with speede,
 Sad, heauie, dull, and most disconsolate,
 Shedding stout manlie teares at valures deed,
 Greeuing the ruine of so great estate ;
 But *Grinuile*, whose hope euer did exceede,
 Making all death in daungers fortunate,
 Gan to prouide to quell this great vpror,
 Then which the like was neuer heard before.

His fights set vp ; and all things fit prepar'd,
 Low on the ballast did he couch his sick,
 Being fourscoore ten, in Deaths pale mantle snar'd,
 Whose want toward did most their strong harts prick.
 The hundred, whose more sounder breaths declard,
 Their soules to enter Deaths gates should not stick,

Hee with diuine words of immortall glorie,
Makes them the wondred actors of this storie,
Nothing he left vnsaid that tongue could say,
To breede contempt of death, or hate or thrall,
Honours reward, fame for a famous day,
Wonder of eares, that men halfe gods shall call:
And contrarie, a hopelesse certaine way,
Into a Tyrants damned fists to fall,
Where all defame, base thoughts, and infamie,
Shall crowne with shame their heads eternally.

In this great thunder of his valiant speech,
From whence the eares-eyes honors lightning felt,
The *Spanish* Naue came within the reach
Of Cannon shot, which equallie was delt
On eyther side, each other to impeach;
Whose volleys made the pittying skyes to melt,
Yet with their noyse, in *Grinuils* heart did
frame,
Greater desier, to conquer greater fame.

And now the sunne was past his middle way,
Leaning more louely to his Lemans bed,
And the noones third hower had attacht the day,
When fiftie three gainst one were basely led;
All harts were fierd; and now the deadlie fray,
Began tumultuouslie to ouer-spread
The sea with fier, the Element with smoake
Which gods, and monsters from their sleepe
awoake.

In foure great battailes marcht the *Spanish* hoast,
The first of *Siuill*, led in two great squares,
Both which with courage, more then can be most,
Sir *Richard* forst to giue him way with cares ;
And as the Sea-men terme it in our coast,
They sprang their luffe, and vnder lee declares,
 Their manie forces feebled by this one,
 Whose thoughts, saue him, are rightly due to
 none.

And now he stands amidst the thickest throngs,
Walld round with wooden Castels on the waue,
Fiftie three Tygers greedie in their wrongs,
Besiedge the princelie Lion in his caue :
Nothing sees *Grinuile* which to hope belongs,
All things are fled that any hap could saue ;
 Bright day is darkned by incurtaind night,
 And nothing visits them but Canons light.

Then vp to heauen he lifts his loftie hart,
And cries, old *Salon*, I am happy made.
All earthie thoughts cleane from his spirits part,
Vertue and *Valure* all his sences lade,
His foes too fewe, too strong he holds his part,
Now doth he wish for millions to inuade,
 For beeing conqueror, he would conquer all,
 Or conquered, with immortall honour fall.

Neuer fell hayle thicker then bullets flew,
Neuer show'rd drops faster then showring blowes,
Liu'd all the *Woorthies*, all yet neuer knew

So great resolute in so great certaine woes ;
Had *Fame* told *Cæsar* what of this was true,
His Senate-murdred spirite would haue rose,
And with faire honors enuie wondred then,
Cursing mortalitie in mighty men.

Whilst thus affliction turmoyle in this brall,
And *Grinuile* still employed his Actor death,
The great *San-phil'p*, which all *Stayne* did call
Th' vnvanquisht ship, *Iberias* soule and faith,
Whose mountaine hugenes more was tearmed then
tall,

Being twice a thousand tuns as rumour saith,
Came rushing in, becalming *Grinuiles* sailes,
Whose courage grew, the more his fortunes
failes.

Hotlie on eyther side was lightning sent,
And steeled thunder bolts dinge men to hell,
Vnweldie *Phillip*, backt with millions lent,
VVorse cracks of thunder then on *Phaeton*
fell,

That with the dayes fier fiered the Element ;
And why? because within her ribs did dwell,
More store of shot and great artillarie,
Then might haue seru'd the worlds great
victorie.

Three tirc of Cannon lodg'd on eyther side,
And in each tirc, eleuen stronglie lay,
Eyght in her chase, that shot forth right did bide,

And in her sterne, twice eight that howerlie play;
 Shee lesse great shot, in infinets did hide,
 All which were Agents for a dismall day.

But poore *Reuenge*, lesse rich, and not so
 great,;

Aunswered her cuffe for cuffe, and threat for
 threat.

Anon they grapple eyther to the other,
 As doth the ban-dogge with the Martins skinne,
 And then the wombe of *Phillip* did vncouer,
 Eight hundred Souldiers, which the fight beginne:
 These board Sir *Richard*, and with thronging
 smother

The daye, the ayre, the time, and neuer linne,
 But by their entrance did instruct eight more,
 To doe the like, on each side foure and foure.

Thus in one moment was our Knight assaild,
 With one huge *Argosie*, and eight great ships,
 But all in vaine, their powers naught prevaile,
 For the *Reuenge*, her Canon loud-dogs slips,
 VVhose bruizing teeth, so much the *Phillip* quaild,
 That foundring in the greedie maine, he dips
 His damned bodie in his watrie tombe,
 Wrapt with dishonour in the Oceans wombe.

The other eight, fighting, were likewise foild,
 And driuen perforce vnto a vile retraite,
 None durst abide, but all with shame recoild,
 VVhilst *Valures* selfe, set *Grinuile* in her seate ;

Onely *Don Luis Saint Iohn*, seeing spoild,
His Countries honour by this strange defaite,
Single encountred *Grinuile* in the fight,
Who quicklie sent his soule to endlesse night.

George de Prunaria, a Spanish Knight,
Euer held valiant in dispight of fate,
Seconded *Luis*, and with mortall might,
VVrit on Sir *Richards* target souldiers hate,
Till *Grinuile* wakned with his loud rung fight,
Dispatcht his soules course vnto *Piutos* gate;
And after these two, sent in post all those
Which came within his mercie or his blowes.

By this, the sunne had spread his golden locks,
Vpon the pale green carpet of the sea,
And opned wide the scarlet dore which locks
The easefull euening from the labouring day;
Now Night began to leape from iron Rocks,
And whip her rustie wagon through the way,
VVhilst all the *Spanish* host stooode maz'd in
sight,

None darring to assayle a second fight.
VVhen *Don Alfonso*, Generall of the warre,
Saw all his Nauie with one ship controld,
He toare his hayre, and loudlie cryd from farre,
For honour *Spanyards*, and for shame be bold;
Awaken Vertue, say her slumbers marre
Iberias auncient valure, and infold

Her wondred puissancé, and her glorious
deeds,
In cowards habit, and ignoble weeds.

Fie, that the spyrit of a single man,
Should contradict innumerable wills,
Fie, that infinitiues of forces can,
Nor may effect what one conceit fulfills ;
VVoe to the wombe, ceaselesse the teats I ban,
That cherrisht life, which all our liues ioyes kills ;
VVoe to our selues, our fortunes, and our
minds,
Agast and scarrd, with whistling of the
winds.

See how he triumphes in dispight of death,
Promethean like, laden with liuing fier,
And in his glorie spits disdainfull breath,
Loathing the basenes of our backe retire ;
Euen now me thinke in our disgrace he saith,
Foes to your fames, why make you Fate a lyer,
When heauen and she haue giuen into your
hand,

VVhat all the world can neuer back demand ?

Say that the God of *Warre* ; Father of *Chialrie*,
The *Worthies*, *Heroes*, all fam'd Conquerours,
Centaurs, *Gyants*, victorious *Victorie*,
Were all this *Grinuils* hart-sworne paramours,
Yet should we fightlesse let our shyps force flie ;

Well might we crush his keele with rocklike
powers,

And him with them ore-whelme into the
maine,

Courage then harts, fetch honour backe againe.

Heere shame, the fretting canker of the mind,
That fiers the face with fuell from the hart,
Fearing his weapons weakenes, eft assignd
To desperate hardines his confounding dart,
And now the *Spanyards* made through words stone
blind,

Desperate by shame, ashamd dispaire should part,
Like damned scritchowles, chimes to dead
mens hours,

Make vowes to fight, till fight all liues deuours.

And now the tragicke sceane of death begins,
Acts of the night, deeds of the ouglie darke,
When Furies brands gaue light to furious sins,
And gastlie silence gaping wounds did marke ;
Sing sadlie then my Muse (teares pittie wins)

Yet mount thy wings beyond the mornings Larke,
And wanting thunder, with thy lightnings
might,

Split eares that heares the dole of this sad
night.

The fier of *Spaynes* pride, quencht by *Grinuils*
sword,

Alfonso rekindles with his tong,

And sets a batelesse edge, ground by his word
Vpon their blunt harts feeble by the strong,
Loe animated now, they all accord,
To die, or ende deaths conflict held so long ;
And thus resolut, too greedelie assay
His death, like hounds that hold the Hart at
bay.

Blacker then night, more terrible then hell,
Louder then thunder, sharper then *Phabus* steele,
Vnder whose wounds the ouglie *Py/hon* fell,
Were bullets mantles, clowding the haplesse keele,
The slaughtered cryes, the words the cannons tell,
And those which make euen rocky Mountains
reele,
And thicker then in sunne are Atomies,
Flew bullets, fier, and slaughtered dead mens
cries.

At this remorsles Dirgie for the dead,
The siluer Moone, dread Soueraigne of the deepe,
That with the floods fills vp her horned head
And by her waine the wayning ebbs doth keepe :
Taught by the Fat's how destenie was led,
Bidds all the starres pull in their beames and
weepe :

For twas vnfit, chast hallowed eyes should see
Honour confounded by impietie.

Then to the night she giues all soueraigne power,
Th'eternall mourner for the dayes diuorce,

Who drowned in her owne harts killing shower,
Viewes others torments with a sad remorse.
This flintie Princesse, ayme cryes to the hower,
On which to looke, kinde eies no force could force.

And yet the sight her dull hart so offended,
That from her sight a foggie dewe descended.

Now on our Knight, raines yron, sword, and fiers,
Iron wrapt in smoke, sword bath'd in smoking
blood,

Fiers, furies king, in blood and smoke aspires
The consumption of all liuing good,
Yet *Grinuile*, with like Agents like expires
His foemen's darts, and euermore withstood
Th'assaults of death, and ruins of the warre,
Hoping the splendour of some luckie starre.

On eyther side him, still two *Gallions* lay,
Which with continuall boardings nurst the fight,
Two great *Armados*, howrelie ploy'd their way,
And by assaulte, made knowne repellesse might.
Those which could not come neere vnto the fray,
Aloose discharg'd their volleys gainst our Knight.

And when y^t one shrunk back, beat with
disgrace,

An other instantly supply'd the place.

So that their resting, restlesse him containd,
And theyr supplies, deny'd him to supply:
The *Hydra* of their mightines ordaind
New spoile for death, when old did wounded lie:

But hee, *Herculian*-like one state retaind,
One to triumph, or one for all to die.

Heauen had onelie lent him but one hart,
That hart one thought, that thought no feare
of smart.

And now the night grew neere her middle line,
Youthfully lustie in her strongest age,
When one of *Spanyes* great *Gallions* did repine,
That one should many vnto death ingage,
And therefore with her force, halfe held diuine,
At once euaporates her mortall rage,

Till powerfull *Grinuille*, yeelding power a
toombe

Splyt her, & sunck her in the salt waves wombe.

When *Cutino*, the Hulks great Admirall,
Saw that huge Vessel drencht within the surge,
Enuie and shame tyered vpon his gall,
And for reuenge a thousand meanes doth vrge ;
But *Grinuile*, perfect in destructions fall,

His mischiefes with like miseries doth scourge,
And renting with a shot his wooden tower,
Made *Neptunes* liquid armes his all deuouer.

These two ore-whelm'd, *Siuills Ascention* came,
A famous ship, well man'd and strongly drest,
Vindicta from her Cannons mouthes doth flame,
And more then any, our dread Knight oppresst :
Much hurt shee did, many shee wounded lame,
And *Valurs* selfe, her valiant acts confest.

Yet in the end, (for warre of none takes keepe)
Grinuile sunck her within the watry deepe.

An other great *Armado*, brused and beat,
Sunck neere *S. Michaels* road, with thought to
scape,

And one that by her men more choicely set,
Beeing craz'd and widow'd of her comly shape,
Ran gainst the shore, to pay *Ili-chaunce* her debt,
Who desolate for desolations gape :

Yet these confounded, were not mist at all.
For new supplies made new the aged brall.

This while on *Grinuile* ceazed no amaze,
No wonder, dread, nor base astonishment,
But true resolute, and valurs sacred blaze,
The crowne of heauen, and starrie ornament
Deck'd his diuine part, and from thence did raze
Affects of earth, or earth's intendment.

And in this broyle, as cheerefull was his fight,
As *Ioues*, embracing *Danae* by night.

Looke howe a wanton Bridegroome in the morne,
Busilie labours to make glad the day,
And at the noone, with wings of courage borne,
Recourts his bride with dauncing and with play,
Vntil the night which holds meane blisse in scorne,
By action kills imaginations sway,

And then, euen then, gluts and confounds his
thought,
With all the sweets, conceit or Nature wrought,

Euen so our Knight the bridegroome vnto *Fame*,
 Toild in his battailes morning with vnrest,
 At noone triumph'd, and daunst, and made his game,
 That vertue by no death could be deprest ;
 But when the night of his loues longings came,
 Euen then his intellectuall soule confest

All other joyes imaginarie were
 Honour vnconquerd, heauen and earth held
 deare.

The bellowing shotte which wakened dead mens
 swounds,

As *Dorian* musick, sweetned his cares,
 Ryuers of blood, issuing from fountaine wounds,
 Hee pytties, but augments not with his teares,
 The flaming fier which mercillesse abounds,
 Hee not so much as masking torches feares,
 The dolefull Eccho of the soules halfe dying,
 Quicken his courage in their banefull crying.

When foule *Misfortune* houerling on a Rock,
 (The stonie girdle of the *Floreal* Ile,)
 Had seene this conflict, and the fearfull shock,
 Which all the *Spanish* mischiefes did compile,
 And saw how conquest licklie was to mock
 The hope of *Spayne*, and fauster her exile,
 Immortall she, came downe herselfe to fight,
 And doe what else no mortall creature might.

And as she flew the midnights waking starre,
 Sad *Cassiopea*, with a heauie cheare

Pusht forth her forehead, to make known from farre,
What time the dryrie dole of earth drew neare,
But when shee saw *Misfortune* arm'd in warre,
With teares she blinds her eyes, and clouds y^e ayre,
And asks the Gods, why *Fortune* fights with
man ?

They say, to doe, what else no creature can.

O why should such immortal enuie dwell,
In the enclosures of eternall mould ?
Let Gods with Gods, and men with men rebell,
Vnequall warres t'vnequall shame is sould ;
But for this damned deede came shee from hell,
And *Ioue* is sworne, to doe what dest'nie would,
Weepe then my pen, the tell-tale of our woe,
And curse the fount from whence our sorrows
flow.

Now, now, *Misfortune* fronts our Knight in armes,
And casts her venome through the *Spanysh* hoast,
Shee salues the dead, and all the lyuing warmes
With vitall enuie, brought from *Plutos* coast ;
Yet all in vaine, all works not *Grinuils* harmes ;
Which seene, shee smiles, and yet with rage imboast
Saith to her selfe, since men are all too weake,
Behold a goddessse shall thy lifes twine breake.

With that shee taks a Musket in her hand,
Raft from a dying Souldiour newlie slaine,
And ayming where th' vnconquered Knight did
stand,

Dischargd it through his bodie, and in twaine
Deuids the euer holie nuptiall band,
Which twixt his soule, and worlds part shold
 remaine,

Had not his hart, stronger then *Fortunes* will,
Held life perforce to scorne *Misfortunes* ill.

The bubling wound from whence his blood distild,
Mourn'd to let fall the hallowed drops to ground,
And like a iealous loue by riual illd,
Sucks in the sacred moisture through the wound ;
But he, which felt deaths fatall doome fulfilld,
Grew fiercer valiant, and did all confound,
 Was not a *Spanyard* durst aboard him rest,
 After he felt his deaths wound in his brest.

Hundreds on hundreds, dead on the maymed fall,
Maymed on sounde, sound in them selues lye slaine,
Blest was the first that to his ship could crall,
For wounded, he wounds multitudes againe ;
No sacrifice, but sacrifice of all,
Could stay his swords oblations vnto paine,
 Nor in *Phillippie*, tell for *Cæsars* death,
 Soules thicker then for *Grinuils* wasting
 breath,

The *Nemian* Lyon, *Aramanthian* Bore,
The *Hircanian* Tyger, nor the *Cholcean* Bulls,
Neuer extended rage with such vprore,
Nor in their breasts mad monstrous furie lulls ;
Now might they learne, that euer learnt before,

Wrath at our Knight, which all wrath disannuls,
 For slauish death, his hands commaunded
 more,

Then Lyon, Tyger, Bull, or angrie Bore.

Had *Pompey* in *Pharsalia* held his thought,
Cesar had neuer wept vpon his head,
 Had *Anthonie* at *Actiome* like him fought,
Augustus teares had neuer drownd him dead,
 Had braue *Renaldo*, *Grinuiles* puissance bought,
Angelica from France had neuer fled,
 Nor madded *Rowland* with inconstancie,
 But rather slayne him wanting victorie.

Before a storme flewe neuer Doues so fast,
 As *Spanyards* from the furie of his fist,
 The stout *Reuenge*, about whose forlorne wast,
 Whylome so many in their moods persist,
 Now all alone, none but the scourge imbrast,
 Her foes from handie combats cleane desist ;
 Yet still incircling her within their powers,
 From farre sent shot, as thick as winters
 showers.

Anger, and *Enuie*, enemies to *Life*,
 Strong smouldering *Heate* and noisom stink of
Smoke,

With over-labouring *Toyle*, *Deaths* ouglie wife,
 These all accord with *Grinuiles* wounded stroke,
 To end his liues date by their ciuell strife,
 And him vnto a blessed state inyoke,

But he repeld them whilst repell he might,
Till fainting power, was ~~tane~~ from power to
fight.

Then downe he sat, and beat his manlie brest,
Not mourning death, but want of meanes to die ;
Those which suruiu'd coragiouslie he blest,
Making them gods for god-like victorie ;
Not full twice twentie soules aliue did rest,
Of which the most were mangled cruellie,
Yet still, whilst words could speake, or signes
could show,
From death he maks eternall life to grow.

The Maister-gunner, which beheld his eyes
Dart fier gainst death triumphant in his face,
Came to sustaine him, and with courage cryes,
How fares my Knight? worlds glory, martiall
grace?

Thine honour, former honours ouer-flies,
And vnto *Heauen* and *Vertue* bids the bace ;
Cheere then thy soule, and if deaths wounding
pain it,
Abram's faire bosome lyes to entertaine it.

Maister, he sayes, euen heers the opned dore,
Through which my spirit bridgroume like must ride,
(And then he bar'd his wounded brest all gore)
To court the blessed virgine Lambe his bride,
Whose innocence the worlds afflictions bore,
Streaming diuine blood from his sliced side,

And to that heauen my soule with courage
flyes,

Because vnconquered, conquering it dyes.

But yet, replied the Maister once againe,
Great vertue of our vertues, strive with Fate,
Yeeld not a minute vnto death, retaine
Life like thy glorie, made to wonder at,
This wounds recouerie well may entertaine
A double triumph to thy conquering state,
And make thee liue immortall Angell blest,
Pleaseth thee suffer it be searcht and drest.

Descend then gentle *Grinuile* downe below,
Into my Cabin for a breathing space,
In thee there let thy Surgion stanch our woe,
Giuing recuer to thee, our wounded case,
Our breaths, from thy breaths fountaine gently flow,
If it be dried, our currents loose their grace :

Then both for vs, and thee, and for the best,
Descend, to haue thy wound bound vp and
drest.

Maister, reply'd the Knight, since last the sunne
Lookt from the hiest period of the sky,
Giuing a signall of the dayes mid noone,
Vnto this hower of midnight, valiantly,
From off this vpper deck I haue not runne,
But fought, and freed, and welcomd victorie,
Then now to giue new couert to mine head,
Were to reuiue our foes halfe conquered.

Thus with contrarie arguments they warre,
 Diuers in their opinions and their speech,
 One seeking means, th' other a will to darre ;
 Yet both one end, and one desire reach :
 Both to keepe honour liuing, plyant are,
 Hee by his fame, and he by skilfull leach,
 At length, the Maister winnes, and hath
 procurd
 The Knight discend, to have his woundings
 curd.

Downe when he was, and had display'd the port
 Through which his life was martching vp to heauen,
 Albe the mortall taint all cuers retort,
 Yet was his Surgion not of hope bereuen,
 But giues him valiant speech of lifes resort,
 Sayes, longer dayes his longer fame shall euen,
 And for the meanes of his recouerie,
 He finds both arte and possibilitie.

Misfortune hearing this presage of life,
 (For what but chimes within immortall eares)
 Within her selfe kindles a home-bred strife,
 And for those words y^e Surgions doomes day
 swears.

With that, her charg'd peece (*Atropos* keene knife,)
 Againe she takes, and leueld with dispaire,
 Sent a shrill bullet through the Surgions head,
 Which thence, through *Grinuils* temples like
 was led.

Downe fel the Surgion, hope and helpe was reft,
 His death gaue manumition to his soule,
Misfortune smyld, and euen then shee left
 The mournfull Ocean, mourner for this dole ;
 Away shee flyes, for all was now bereft,
 Both hope and helpe, for life to win deaths gole ;
 Yet *Grinuile* vnamaz'd with constant faith,
 Laughing dispisd the second stroke of death.

What foole (saith he) ads to the Sea a drop,
 Lends *Etia* sparks, or angry stormes his wind ?
 Who burnes the roote when lightning fiers the top ?
 Who vnto hell, can worse then hell combind ?
 Pale hungry Death, thy greedy longings stop,
 Hope of long life is banefull to my mind :
 Yet hate not life, but lothe captiuitie,
 Where rests no trust to purchase victorie.

Then vp he came with feeble pace againe,
 Strength from his blood, blood from his wounds
 descending,
 Saies, here I liu'd, and here wil I sustaine,
 The worst of Deaths worst, by my fame defending,
 And then he'fell to warre with might and maine,
 Valure on death most valiantly depending,
 And thus continued aye coragiously,
 Vntill the day chast shadowes from the sky.

But when the mornings dewie locks drunke vp
 A mistie moysture from the Oceans face,
 Then might he see the source of sorrowes cup,

Plainly prefigur'd in that hatefull place :
And all the miseries that mortals sup
From their great Grandsire *Adams* band, disgrace:
For all that did incircle him, was his foe,
And that incircled, modell of true woe.

His masts were broken, and his tackle torne,
His vpper worke hew'd downe into the Sea,
Naught of his ship about the surges borne,
But euen leueld with the Ocean lay,
Onely the ships foundation (yet that worne)
Remaind a trophie in that mighty fray ;
Nothing at all about the head remained,
Either for couert, or that force maintained.

Powder for shot, was spent and wasted cleane,
Scarce seene a corne to charge a peece withall,
All her pykes broken, halfe of his best men slaine,
The rest sore wounded, on Deaths Agents call,
On th'other side, her foe in ranks remaine,
Displaying multitudes, and store of all
What euer might auail for victorie,
Had they not wanted hearts true valiancie.

When *Grinuile* saw his desperate drerie case,
Meerely dispoyled of all succes-full thought,
Hee calls before him all within the place,
The Maister, Maister-gunner, and them taught
Rules of true hardiment to purchase grace ;
Shoves them the end their trauailes toile had
bought,

How sweet it is, swift *Fame* to ouer-goe,
How vile to diue in captiue ouerthrow.

Gallants (he saith) since three a clock last noone,
Vntill this morning, fiteene howers by course,
We haue maintaind stoute warre, and still
vndoone

Our foes assaults, and driue them to the worse,
Fiteene *Armados* boardings haue not wonne
Content or ease, but beene repeld by force,
Eight hundred Cannon shot against her side,
Haue not our harts in coward colours died.

Not fiteene thousand men araungd in fight,
And fiteene howers lent them to atchiue,
With fifty three great ships of boundlesse might,
Haue had or meanes or prowesse to contriue
The fall of one, which mayden virtue dight,
Kept in despight of *Spanish* force aliue.

Then list to mee you imps of memorie,
Borne to assume to immortalitie.

Sith loosing, we vnlost keepe strong our praise,
And make our glories, gaynours by our ends,
Let not the hope of howers (for tedious dayes
Vnto our liues no longer circuite lends)
Confound our wondred actions and assayes,
Whereon the sweete of mortall eares depends,
But as we liue by wills victorious,
So let vs die victours of them and vs.

Wee that haue mercilesse cut Mercies wings,
And muffeld pittie in deaths mistie vale,
Let vs implore no mercie ; pittiyings,
But from our God, deere fauour to exhale
Oure soules to heauen, where all the Angells rings
Renowne of vs, and our deepe tragick tale ;
Let vs that cannot liue, yet liue to dye,
Vnthrald by men, fit tropheys for the skye.

And thus resolu'd since other meane is reft,
Sweet Maister-gunner, split our keele in twaine,
We cannot liue, whom hope of life hath left,
Dying, our deaths more glorious liues retaine,
Let not our ship, of shame and foile bereft,
Vnto our foe-men for a prize remaine ;
Sinke her, and sinking with the *Greeke* wee'le
cry,

Best not to be, or beeing soone to dye.

Scarce had his words tane wings from his deare tong
But the stout Maister-gunner, euer rich
In heauenlie valure and repulsing wrong,
Proud that his hands by action might inritch
His name and nation with a worthe song,
Tow'rd his hart higher then Eagles pitch,
And instantlie indeuours to effect
Grinuils desier, by ending Deaths defect.

But th' other Maister, and the other Mat's,
Disented from the honour of their minds,
And humbly praid the Knight to rue their stat's,

Whom miserie to no such mischiefe binds ;
To him th' aleadge great reasons, and dilat's
Their foes amazements, whom their valures blinds,
And maks more eager t'entertaine a truce,
Then they to offer words for warres excuse.

They show him diuers gallant men of might,
Whose wounds not mortall, hope gaue of recuer,
For their saks sue they to diuorce this night
Of desperate chaunce, calld vnto Deaths black lure,
Their lengthned liues, their countries care might
right,

And to their Prince they might good hopes assure.
Then quod the Captaine, (deare Knight) do
not spill,
The liues whom gods and Fat's seeke not to
kill.

And where thou sayst the *Spanyards* shall not braue
T' haue tane one ship due to our virgin Queene,
O know, that they, nor all the world can saue,
This wounded Barke, whose like no age hath scene,
Sixe foote shee leaks in hold, three shot beneath
the waue,

All whose repaire so insufficient beene,
That when the Sea shall angrie worke begin,
Shee cannot chuse but sinke and dye therein.

Besides, the wounds and brusings which she beares,
Are such, so manie, so incurable,
As to remoue her from this place of feares,
No force, no wit, no meane, nor man is able ;

Then since that peace prostrate to vs repaires,
Vnlesse our selues, our selues make miserable,
 Herculeen Knight, for pittie, pittie lend,
No fame 'consists in wilfull desperat end.

These words with emphasis and action spent,
Mou'd not Sir *Richard*, but inrag'd him more,
To bow or yeeld, his heart would neare relent,
Hee still impugns all thought of lifes restore ;
The Maister-gunner euer doth consent
To act his wish, swearing in beds of gore
 Death is most louelie, sweete and amiable,
 But captiu'd life for foulenes admirable.

The Captayne, seeing words could take no place,
Turnes backe from them vnto the liuing few,
Expounds what pittie is, what victors grace ;
Bids them them selues, them selues in kindnes rew,
Peace if they please, will kindlie them imbrace,
And they may liue, from whom warres glory grew ;
 But if they will to desperate end consent,
 Their guilty soules too late shall mourne
 repent.

The sillie men, who sought but liuing ioyes,
Cryes to the Captaine for an honord truce,
Life they desire, yet no life that destroyes
Their wonne renownes, but such as might excuse
Their woes, their wounds, and al what els anoyes
Beautie of laude, for other they refuse ;
 All which the Captaine swears they shal obtaine,
 Because their foes, in doubtfull states remaine.

O when Sir *Richard* saw them start aside,
More chaynd to life then to a gloriſ graue,
And thoſe whom hee ſo oft in dangers tryde,
Now trembling ſeeke their hatefull lines to ſaue.
Sorrow and rage, ſhame, and his honors pride,
Choking his ſoule, madly compeld him rauē,
Vntil his rage with vigor did confound
His heaue hart, and left him in a ſwound,

The Maister-gunner, likewise ſeeing Fate
Bridle his fortune, and his will to die,
With his ſharpe ſword ſought to ſet ope the gate,
By which his ſoule might from his bodie flie,
Had not his freends perforce preſeru'd his ſtate,
And lockt him in his Cabbin, ſafe to lie,
Whilst others ſwarm'd where hapleſſe *Grinuile*
lay,

By cryes recalling life, late runne away.

In this too reſtleſſe turmoile of vnreſt,
The poore *Reuenges* Maister ſtole awaye,
And to the *Spaniſh* Admirall adreſt
The dolefull tidings of this mournfull day,
(The *Spaniſh* Admirall who then opreſt,
Houering with doubt, not daring t'end the fray,)
And pleads for truce, with ſouldier-like ſub-
miſſion,
Anexing to his words a ſtraight condition.

Alfonſo, willing to giue end to armes,
For well he knew *Grinuile* would neuer yeild,
Able his power ſtoode like vnnumbred ſwarmes,

Yet daring not on stricter termes to build,
Hee offers all what may alay their harmes
Safetie of liues, nor any thrall to weild,
Free from the Gallie, prisonment, or paine,
And safe returne vnto their soyle againe.

To this he yeelds, as well for his own sake,
Whom desperate hazard might indamage sore,
As for desier the famous Knight to take,
Whom in his hart he seemed to deplore,
And for his valure halfe a God did make,
Extolling him all other men before,
Admiring with an honourable hart,
His valure, wisdom, and his Souldiours Art.

With peacefull newes the Maister backe returns,
And rings it in the liuing remnants eares,
They all reioyce, but *Grinuile* deadly mourns,
He frets, he sighs, he sorrowes and despaire,
Hee cryes, this truce, their fame and blisse adiourns,
Hee rents his locks, and all his garments teares,
He vowes his hands shall rent the ship in twaine
Rather then he will *Spanish* yoke sustaine.

The few reseru'd, that life esteem'd too well,
Knowing his words were warrants for his deede,
Vnkindly left him in that monstrous hell,
And fled vnto *Alonso* with greate speede.
To him their Chieftaines mightines they tell,
And how much valure on his soule doth feede,
That if preuention, not his actions dim,
Twill be too late to saue the shyp or him.

Bassan made proude, vnconquering t'ouer-come,
Swore the brave Knight nor ship he would not lose,
Should all the world in a petition come :
And therefore of his gallants, fortie chose
To board Sir *Richard*, charging them be dombe
From threatning words, from anger, and from
bloes,

But with all kindnes, honor, and admire
To bring him thence, to further *Fame's* desire.

Sooner they boarded not the crazed Barke,
But they beheld where^e speechlesse *Grinuile* lay,
All smeard in blood, and clouded in the darke,
Contagious curtdine of Deaths tragick day ;
They wept for pittie, and yet silent marke
Whether his lungs sent liuing breath away,

Which when they sawe in ayrie blasts to flie,
They striu'd who first should stanch his misery.

Anon came life, and lift his eye-lids vp,
Whilst they with teares denounce their Generals
wil,

Whose honord mind sought to retort the cup
Of Deaths sad poyson, well instruct to kill :
Tells him what fame and grace his eyes might sup
From *Bassans* kindnes, and his Surgions skill,

Both how he lou'd him, and admir'd his fame,
To which he sought to lend a liuing flame.

Aye mee (quoth *Grinuile*) simple men, I know
My bodie to your Generall is a pray,
Take it, and as you please my lymes bestow,

For I respect it not, tis earth and clay :
 But for my minde that mightier much doth grow,
 To heauen it shall, despight of *Spanish* sway.

He swounded, and did neuer speake againe.

This said, orecome with anguish and with paine,

They tooke him vp, and to theyr Generall brought
 His mangled carkasse, but vnmaimed minde,
 Three dayes hee breath'd, yet neuer spake he ought,
 Albe his foes were humble, sad, and kinde;
 The fourth came downe the Lambe that all soules bot,
 And his pure part, from worser parts refind,

Bearing his spirite vp to the loftie skyes,

Leauing his body, wonder to wonders eyes.

When *Bassan* saw the Angell-spirite fled,
 Which lent a mortall frame immortall thought,
 With pittie, grieve, and admiration led,
 He mournfully complaind what Fat's had wrought,
 Woe me (he cryes) but now aliue, now dead,
 But now inuincible, now captiue brought :
 In this, vniust are Fat's, and Death declared,
 That mighty ones, no more then mean are spared.
 You powers of heauen, rayne honour on his hearse,
 And tune the Cherubins to sing his fame,
 Let Infants in the last age him rehearse,
 And let no more, honour be Honor's name :
 Let him that will obtaine immortall vearse,
 Conquer the stile of *Grinuile* to the same,
 For till that fire shall all the world consume,
 Shall neuer name, with *Grinuils* name presume.

Rest then deere soule, in thine all-resting peace,
And take my teares for tropheys to thy tombe,
Let thy lost blood, thy vnlost fame increase,
Make kingly eares thy praises second wombe :
That when all tongues to all reports surcease,
Yet shall thy deeds, out-liue the day of doome,
For euen Angels, in the heauens shall sing,
Grinuile vnconquerd died, still conquering.
O vltinam.

Sir Richard Grenville's Farewell.

(Circa 1543.)

Who siekes the waie to win renowne,
Or flies with whingis of hie desarte,
Who siekes to wear the laurel crouen,
Or hath the mind that would espire—
Lett him his native soylle eschew,
Lett him go rainge and seeke a newe.
Ech haughtie hart is wel content
Wth euery chance that shall betyde—
No hap can hinder hys intende,
He stedfast standes though fortune slyde.
The sun, quoth he, doeth shine as wel
Abroad as erst wher I did dwel.

72 THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE.

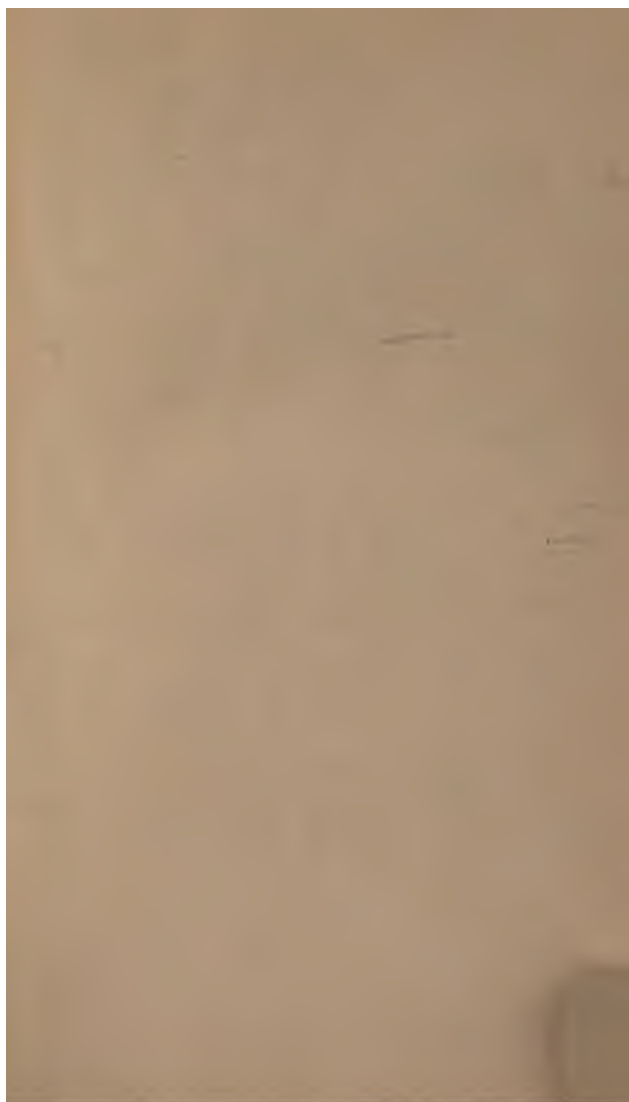
In change of streames ech fishe can liue ;
Ech fowle content wth euery aire,
Ech haughtie hart remayneth stille,
And not be drownd in deepe dispaire ;
Wherfor I iudge all landes alike,
To haughtie hartes who fortune sieke.

To pass the seas some thinke a toyle,
Some thinke it straunge abroad to roame,
Some thinke it grief to lieve their soyle,
Their parents, kinsfolk, and theyr home.
Thinke so whoe list, I lyk itt nott ;
I must abroad to trie my lott.

Whoe list at home at cart to drudge,
And carke and care for worlde trashe,
With buckled shoes lett him goe trudge,
Instead of launce a whippe to slashe ;
A minde that base hys kynd wil showe
Of carrion sweete to feede a crowe.

If Jason of that minde hadde beene,
The Greecians, when they came to Troye,
Had neuer so the Troians foilled,
Nor neuer putt them to such annoye ;
Wherfor whoe list to lyve at home,
To purchase fame I wil goe roame.

THE END.





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the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion.

As a result of the rapid increase in the number of children in the world, the number of children in the United States is also expected to increase. The number of children in the United States is expected to increase from 100 million in 1990 to 110 million in 2000. This increase is expected to be the result of the increase in the number of children in the United States who are of Hispanic and Asian descent. The number of children of Hispanic descent is expected to increase from 10 million in 1990 to 20 million in 2000. The number of children of Asian descent is expected to increase from 5 million in 1990 to 10 million in 2000.

The increase in the number of children in the United States is expected to have a significant impact on the economy. The increase in the number of children will increase the demand for goods and services, which will lead to an increase in the number of jobs. The increase in the number of children will also lead to an increase in the number of people who are in the labor force, which will lead to an increase in the number of people who are able to pay taxes. The increase in the number of children will also lead to an increase in the number of people who are able to contribute to the economy.

The increase in the number of children in the United States is also expected to have a significant impact on the environment. The increase in the number of children will lead to an increase in the number of people who are using resources, which will lead to an increase in the number of people who are contributing to the depletion of resources. The increase in the number of children will also lead to an increase in the number of people who are contributing to the pollution of the environment.

The increase in the number of children in the United States is also expected to have a significant impact on the education system. The increase in the number of children will lead to an increase in the number of people who are attending school, which will lead to an increase in the number of people who are able to learn. The increase in the number of children will also lead to an increase in the number of people who are able to contribute to the education system.

The increase in the number of children in the United States is also expected to have a significant impact on the health care system. The increase in the number of children will lead to an increase in the number of people who are using health care services, which will lead to an increase in the number of people who are able to receive health care. The increase in the number of children will also lead to an increase in the number of people who are able to contribute to the health care system.

The increase in the number of children in the United States is also expected to have a significant impact on the social system. The increase in the number of children will lead to an increase in the number of people who are living in poverty, which will lead to an increase in the number of people who are able to receive social services. The increase in the number of children will also lead to an increase in the number of people who are able to contribute to the social system.